POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

SCOTLAND

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Poems of Places.

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HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY,

BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

SCOTLAND

DENMARK, ICELAND, NORWAY, SWEDEN.

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By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
TANTALLON CASTLE.		
TANTALLON	*Sir Walter Scott.*	1
TARF, THE RIVER.		
THE BANKS OF TARF	*W. Nicholson*	3
TAY, THE RIVER.		
BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL	*Anonymous*	4
THE TAY	*T. Smibert*	5
THE BANKS OF TAY	*R. Carmichael*	6
THE BANKS OF TAY	*R. Nicoll*	7
TEALING.		
THE BONNY BOWERS O' TEALING	*G. W. Donald*	9
TEVIOT, THE RIVER.		
THE TEVIOT	*Sir Walter Scott.*	10
TEVIOTDALE.		
THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL	*T. Pringle.*	10
SONG OF THE WESTERN SETTLER	*W. Wilson*	12
TRAQUAIR.		
THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR	*R. Crawford*	13
THE BRIDES OF QUAIR	*I. C. Knox*	15
TROSACHS.		
TROSACHS	*Sir Walter Scott.*	17
THE TROSACHS	*W. Wordsworth.*	20
TUMMEL, THE RIVER.		
THE TUMMEL AND THE DUCK	*Anonymous*	21
TURRIT HALL.		
THE LASS OF TURRIT HA'	*R. Nicoll*	22

TWEED, THE RIVER.
To the River Tweed . . . . . *W. L. Bowles*. . 24
Tweedside . . . . . *R. Crawford* . . 25
Sonnets on the Scenery of the Tweed . *D. M. Moir* . . 26
The Inundation . . . . . *W. Thornbury* . 30

TYNDRUM.
Suggested at Tyndrum in a Storm . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 31

WEIRDLAW HILL.
The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill . . . *Sir Walter Scott*. 32

WOODBURN.
The Desolate Village . . . . . *J. Wilson* . . . 33

WOODHOUSELEE.
The Bonnie Lass o' Woodhouselee . . . *R. Allan* . . . 36

YARROW.
The Braes of Yarrow . . . . . *J. Logan* . . . 38
The Dowie Dens of Yarrow . . . . . *H. S. Riddell*. . 40
Yarrow Unvisited . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 41
Yarrow Visited . . . . . " . 43
Yarrow Revisited . . . . . " . 46
The Flower of Yarrow . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 51
Willy drowned in Yarrow. . . . . " . . 51

BALLADS.

AIRLY.
The Bonnie House o' Airly . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 53

BINNORIE.
The Twa Sisters . . . . . " . . 55

CALDON LOW.
The Fairies of the Caldon Low . . . . *M. Howitt*. . . 58

CHEVIOT.
Chevy-Chace . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 62

CROMDALE.
The Haws of Cromdale . . . . . " . . 72

DUNFERMLINE.
Sir Patrick Spence . . . . . *Percy's Reliques*. 74

HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.
A Wraith in the Scottish Highlands . . *H. Morford* . . 76

NETHERBY HALL.
LOCHINVAR . . . . . *Sir Walter Scott*. 79

ROSLIN.
GILDEROY . . . . . *T. Campbell* . . 82

STIRLING.
YOUNG WATERS . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 83

USHER'S WELL.
THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL . . . . . " . . 86

YARROW, THE RIVER.
THE BRAES OF YARROW . . . . . *W. Hamilton*. . 88

DENMARK.

INTRODUCTORY.
THE BARD . . . . . *A. G. Oehlenschläger* 95
THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE . . . . . *Hon. C. Norton* . 96
KING CHRISTIAN . . . . . *J. Evald* . . . 98
THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY . . . . . *T. Thaarup* . . 99
THE WOMEN OF DENMARK . . . . . *K. L. Rahbek*. . 102
TO MY COUNTRY . . . . . *J. Baggesen* . . 104

COPENHAGEN.
DESCRIPTION OF WINTER AT COPENHAGEN . *A. Philips*. . . 107

ELSINORE.
THE GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER . . . . *W. Shakespeare* . 109
BATTLE OF THE BALTIC . . . . . *T. Campbell* . . 122
A LEGEND OF ELSINORE . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 124

HUEN, THE ISLAND.
HUEN . . . . . *Bishop Huet* . . 127
TYCHO BRAHE, OR THE RUINS OF URANIENBORG *P. A. Heiberg* . 127

KALLUNDBORG.
KALLUNDBORG CHURCH . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . 131

KARISEGAARD.
DAME MARTHA'S FOUNTAIN . . . . . *B. S. Ingemann* . 134

ODENSEE.
ODENSEE . . . . . *T. W. Higginson* 136

RYKDAL.
THE DOLE OF JARL THORKELL . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . 139

SVOLDER, THE ISLAND.
KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* 143
EINAR TAMBERSKELVER . . . . . " 146
KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK . . . . . " 148

THURLSTON.
THE ERL-KING'S DAUGHTER . . . . . *J. G. von Herder* 151

VORDINGBORG.
KING VOLMER AND ELSIE . . . . . *C. Winter* . . . 154

ICELAND.

AMERICA TO ICELAND . . . . . *B. Taylor* . . . 161
ICELAND . . . . . *J. Montgomery* . 162
ICELAND-MOSS TEA . . . . . *F. Freiligrath* . 168
THANGBRAND THE PRIEST . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* 170
THE KING'S WELCOME TO THINGVALLA . . *M. Jokumsson* . 173

NORWAY.

INTRODUCTORY.
KING OLUF THE SAINT . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 177
SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGER . . . . . *Sir Walter Scott* . 181
A NORWEGIAN POPULAR SONG . . . . . *J. N. Brun* . . 183
NORWAY . . . . . *B. Taylor* . . . 184
THE NORSEMAN'S RIDE . . . . . " . . . 184
OLD NORWAY . . . . . *F. Hemans* . . 187
NORWAY . . . . . *H. H. Boyesen* . 188

ANGVALDS-NESS.
THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* 191

DOVRE-FJELD.
ST. OLAF'S FOUNTAIN . . . . . *H. H. Boyesen* . 195

DRONTHEIM (TRONDHJEM).
KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* 198
THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT . . . . " 201

FREDERICKSHALL.
PETER COLBIORNSEN . . . . . *K. L. Rahbek* . 203

GRAVEN, THE LAKE.
LAKE GRAVEN . . . . . *B. Taylor* . . . 206

GULDBRANDSDAL.
THORALF AND SYNNÖV . . . . . *H. H. Boyesen* . 210

HARDANGER.
HARDANGER-FJELD . . . . . *H. Wergeland* . 214
A BRIDAL PARTY ON THE HARDANGER-FJORD *A. Munch* . . . 217

KLEVEN.
KLEVEN . . . . . *J. I. Moe* . . . 219

LINDESNAES.
LINDESNAES . . . . . *B. Taylor* . . . 220

LOFFODEN ISLANDS.
WINTER IN NORWAY . . . . . *T. Campbell* . . 221

MERE.
IRON-BEARD . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* 222

NIDARHOLM.
THORA OF RIMOL . . . . . " 225

NORTH CAPE.
THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE . . " 227

ROMSDAL.
ROMSDAL . . . . . *G. Gilfillan* . . 232
SINCLAIR'S SONG . . . . . *E. Storm* . . . 235

SALTEN-FJORD.
BISHOP SIGURD AT SALTEN-FIORD . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* 239

TELLEMARK.
TELLEMARK . . . . . *B. Taylor* . . . 242

TORRISDELL.
THE BRIDE OF TORRISDELL . . . . . *H. H. Boyesen* . 242

ULVIK.
ULVIK . . . . . *B. Taylor* . . . 248

SWEDEN.

INTRODUCTORY.
SCANDINAVIA . . . . . *J. Thomson* . . 251
SWEDISH CHARLES . . . . . *S. Johnson* . . 251
THE VETERAN . . . . . *E. Tegnér* . . . 252
THE KING OF SWEDEN . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 253
GOTHLAND . . . . . *Bishop Huet* . . 254

DALECARLIA.
SCENE IN A DALECARLIAN MINE . . . . . *F. Hemans* . . 257

DROTTNINGHOLM.
AUTUMN FAREWELL TO DROTTNINGHOLM . . *King Charles XV.* 259

LAPMARK.
LOVE-SONG OF A LAPLANDER . . . . . *E. C. von Kleist.* 261
THE LAPLANDERS . . . . . *J. Thomson* . . 262
KULNASATZ, MY REINDEER . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 264

UPSALA.
THE DIAL OF FLOWERS . . . . . *F. Hemans* . . 265
KING ERICH'S FAITH . . . . . *J. G. Seidl* . . 266

SCOTLAND.

Tantallon Castle.

TANTALLON.

BUT scant three miles the band had rode,
When o'er a height they passed,
And, sudden, close before them showed
His towers, Tantallon vast;
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war,
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows.
The fourth did battled walls enclose,
And double mound and fosse.
By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates, an entrance long,
To the main court they cross.
It was a wide and stately square:
Around were lodgings fit and fair,
And towers of various form,

Which on the court projected far,
And broke its lines quadrangular.
Here was square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the warder could descry
The gathering ocean-storm.

* * * * *

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.
Many a rude tower and rampart there
Repelled the insult of the air,
Which, when the tempest vexed the sky,
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.
Above the rest, a turret square
Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,
Of sculpture rude, a stony shield;
The Bloody Heart was in the Field,
And in the chief three mullets stood,
The cognizance of Douglas blood.
The turret held a narrow stair,
Which, mounted, gave you access where
A parapet's embattled row
Did seaward round the castle go.
Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,
Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,
Sometimes in platform broad extending,
Its varying circle did combine
Bulwark, and bartisan, and line,
And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign:
Above the booming ocean leant
The far-projecting battlement;

The billows burst, in ceaseless flow,
Upon the precipice below.
Where'er Tantallon faced the land,
Gate-works and walls were strongly manned;
No need upon the sea-girt side;
The steepy rock and frantic tide
Approach of human step denied;
And thus these lines and ramparts rude
Were left in deepest solitude.

Sir Walter Scott.

Tarf, the River.

THE BANKS OF TARF.

WHERE windin' Tarf, by broomy knowes,
Her siller wave sae saftly rows;
And mony a green-wood cluster grows,
An' harebells bloomin', bonnie, O.
Below a spreadin' hazle-tree,
Fu' snugly hid whar nane could see,
While blinkin' love beamed frae her e'e,
I met my bonnie Annie, O.

Her neck was o' the snawdrap hue,
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew:
But O, her e'e, o' azure blue,
Was past expressin' bonnie, O.
Like threads o' gowd her flowin' hair,
That lightly wantoned in the air;

But vain were a' my skill an' mair
To tell the charms o' Annie, O.

While smilin' in my arms she lay,
She whisperin' in my ear did say,
"O how could I survive the day,
Should ye prove fause, my Tammie, O!"
"While spangled fish glide to the main,
While Scotlan's braes shall wave wi' grain,
Till this fond heart shall break wi' pain,
I 'll aye be true to Annie, O."

The Beltane winds blew loud an' lang,
An' ripplin' raised the spray alang;
We cheerfu' sat, and cheerfu' sang,
The banks o' Tarf are bonnie, O.
Though sweet is spring, whan young and gay,
An' blythe the blinks o' summer's day;
I fear nae winter, cauld and blae,
If blest wi' love an' Annie, O.

William Nicholson.

Tay, the River.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

HIE upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.

Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he;
Hame came his gude horse,
But never came he.

Out came his auld mither
Greeting fu' sair,
And out came his bonnie bride
Rivin' her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame came the saddle,
But never came he.

"My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to build,
And my babie 's unborn."
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame came the saddle,
But never came he!

Anonymous.

THE TAY.

FARE thee weel, thou bonnie river,
Rowin' by my ain Dundee;
Aft in days gane by forever,
Thou hast borne my love and me.
Thou hast heard, in days departed,
Vows that nane could hear but thee;

Now thou seest me broken-hearted,—
Tay, adieu! adieu, Dundee!

On thy waves a light is fa'in',
Ruddy as the rose in June;
Some may trow it is the dawin'
Glinting frae the lift abune:
But I ken thou 'rt only blushing
That a maid so false could be!
Like thy springs my tears are gushing,—
Tay, adieu! adieu, Dundee!

Thomas Smibert.

THE BANKS OF TAY.

BY Grampia's towering mountains high,
Whose rocky summits skirt the sky,
Wild rolls the queen of Scotia's floods,
Adorned by Athole's ancient woods:
Along their winding walks in spring,
How sweet to hear the wild birds sing;
At peep of dawn, how sweet to stray
Adown the bonnie banks of Tay!

Here summer's sun, with golden gleams,
Gilds mountain-tops, the woods, the streams;
Before his early, piercing ray,
The wreaths of white mist wheel away,
Revealing all the lovely scene,—
The woods, thick clothed in foliage green,

High waving o'er the wild rocks gray
Upon the bonnie banks of Tay!

Enchanting scenes! how oft in view
To fancy's eye, fresh, blooming, new,—
The flowing river, mountain, strath,
The winding of each woodland path;
And dearer still, fond friendship's ties,
And true love's flame that never dies;
All these were mine: now far away
I mourn the bonnie banks of Tay!

Robert Carmichael.

THE BANKS OF TAY.

THE ship is on its seaward path,
An' frae the shore the breezes blaw;
Now Scotland's cliffs sae dear to me
Aneath the wavin' waters fa'.
My hame is growin' far awa',
It lies aneath yon hill-tap gray;
Yon last-seen spot o' Scotland's soil
That rises by the banks of Tay.

Fareweel, ye mossy fountains wild!
Where yon fair stream doth softly rin:
To ilka wildwood-shaded pool
To ilka tumblin' roarin' linn;
To ilka burnie that doth win
Through heathery muirs its silent way,—

I bid fareweel; for now my hame
Is biggit far frae bonnie Tay.

Fareweel, ye hames o' pure delight,
That I ha'e lo'ed sae weel and lang!
Ye simmer birdies! ye maun sing
To others now your cheering sang!
Fareweel, ye holms, where lovers gang
Upon the peaceful Sabbath-day:
In youth I loved, in age I 'll mind,
The green an' bonny banks of Tay.

Be blessin's on ilk cot an' ha'
That by thy braes o' hazel rise;
Be a' thing bonnie where thou rins,
An' a' thing happy 'neath thy skies.
Though far frae thee my boatie flies,
The friends I love beside thee stray;
My heart fu' dead an' cauld will be
Ere I forget the banks of Tay.

The streams are wide where I am gaun,
An' on they row through boundless woods;
But dearer is thy Hieland wave
Than yonder wild and foreign floods.
Thy haughs sae green, — the simmer clouds
That o'er thy sheltered hamlets stray, —
I 'll mind for love an' friendship's sake:
Fareweel, ye bonnie banks of Tay.

Robert Nicoll.

Tealing.

THE BONNY BOWERS O' TEALING.

THEY tell me in yon sunny land
The palm-tree shades the mountain,
An' they tell me o' their myrtle groves,
And the crystal-gushing fountain;
They tell me o' the clustering vine
The flowery path concealing;
But they cudna' please this heart o' mine
Like the bonnie bowers o' Tealing.

They kenna' o' the scented thorn,
The birk and broom sae yellow;
They kenna' o' the mavis' sang,
Or the blackbird's note sae mellow;
They kenna o' the zephyrs mild,
Or the balmy breeze so healing,
That softly shakes the dewy flowers
'Mang the bonnie bowers o' Tealing.

I 've wandered far, I 've wandered wide,
On Scotia's rugged bosom;
I 've pu'd the rose in a' its pride,
An' the lily's gowden blossom;
But the fairest flower that ere I saw
Was by the burnie, stealing
And murmuring through its gow'ny banks,
'Mang the bonny bowers o' Tealing.

George W. Donald.

Teviot, the River.

THE TEVIOT.

SWEET Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.

Sir Walter Scott.

Teviotdale.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

OUR native land, our native vale,
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song;

Farewell, ye braes and blossomed meads,
Our hearts have loved so long.

Farewell, the blithesome broomy knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow;
Farewell, the hoary, haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

The mossy cave and mouldering tower
That skirt our native dell,
The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell!

Home of our love! our father's home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the western main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

Our native land, our native vale,
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

Thomas Pringle.

SONG OF THE WESTERN SETTLER.

WHY did I leave fair Branksome's towers,
Why did I leave sweet Teviot glen,
Its daisied banks and hazel bowers,
Kind collie, plaid, and blithe sheep-pen?
O, there is not a rushy den,
Clear wimpling burn, or brier brake,
But in my bosom stirs a train
Of mournful thoughts that make it ache.

Oft, dreams of Albion's sea-bound isle
Steal o'er my slumber with their balm;
I hear a song, I meet a smile,
At bughting in the gloaming-calm.
Anon the reverential psalm,
From straw-thatched cot, will fancy hear,
And kneeling low with joinéd palm,
Breathe the heart-uttered prayer sincere.

Then round me gathered faces dear,
That kindly words of welcome speak;
My father's smile, — the glistening tear
Of gladness on my mother's cheek.
One form my wandering eye doth seek,
My plighted Marion, — "nearest, best,
Come hither with those looks so meek,
And let me fold thee to my breast."

* * * * *

Could I again in Teviot vale
  Wander when gloaming hour was near,
And hearken to the cushat's wail,
  Or blackbird piping to his dear,
Or listen with delighted ear
  The soaring laverock's vesper song,
Blent with the lintie's warblings clear,
  That pipes the yellow broom among,—

Then light of heart and lithe of limb,
  I 'd belt my plaid and grasp my kent,
And by the holy twilight dim,
  Would hie me to the upland bent.
There with the star-gemmed firmament
  Above me for my temple dome,
I 'd kneel and ask of heaven,—content,—
  A shepherd's lot and Scottish home.

William Wilson.

Traquair.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
  I 'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Though thus I languish, thus complain,
  Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
  Unheeded never move her;

At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
'T was there I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,
No maid seemed ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I tried to soothe my amorous flame
In words that I thought tender;
If more there passed, I 'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If ere we meet, she shows disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloomed fair in May,
Its sweets I 'll aye remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
O, make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me!
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender,
I 'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I 'll wander.

Robert Crawford.

THE BRIDES OF QUAIR.

A STILLNESS crept about the house
At evenfall, in noontide glare;
Upon the silent hills looked forth
The many-windowed House of Quair.

The peacock on the terrace screamed;
Browsed on the lawn the timid hare;
The great trees grew i' the avenue,
Calm by the sheltered House of Quair.

The pool was still; around its brim
The alders sickened all the air;
There came no murmur from the streams,
Though nigh flowed Leithen, Tweed, and Quair.

The days hold on their wonted pace,
And men to court and camp repair,
Their part to fill, of good or ill,
While women keep the House of Quair.

And one is clad in widow's weeds,
And one is maiden-like and fair,
And day by day they seek the paths
About the lonely fields of Quair.

To see the trout leap in the streams,
The summer clouds reflected there,

The maiden loves in pensive dreams
To hang o'er silver Tweed and Quair.

Within, in pall-black velvet clad,
Sits stately in her oaken chair —
A stately dame of ancient name —
The mother of the House of Quair.

Her daughter broiders by her side,
With heavy drooping golden hair,
And listens to her frequent plaint, —
"Ill fare the brides that come to Quair.

"For more than one hath lived in pine,
And more than one hath died of care,
And more than one hath sorely sinned,
Left lonely in the House of Quair.

"Alas! and ere thy father died
I had not in his heart a share,
And now — may God forfend her ill —
Thy brother brings his bride to Quair."

She came; they kissed her in the hall,
They kissed her on the winding stair,
They led her to the chamber high,
The fairest in the House of Quair.

They bade her from the window look,
And mark the scene how passing fair,
Among whose ways the quiet days
Would linger o'er the wife of Quair.

"'T is fair," she said, on looking forth,
"But what although 't were bleak and bare —"
She looked the love she did not speak,
And broke the ancient curse of Quair.

"Where'er he dwells, where'er he goes,
His dangers and his toils I 'll share."
What need be said, — she was not one
Of the ill-fated brides of Quair.

Isabella Craig Knox.

Trosachs.

TROSACHS.

THE western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,

Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drops sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon Nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,

His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark blue mirror trace;
And farther as the hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far-projecting precipice.

The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar;
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE TROSACHS.

THERE 's not a nook within this solemn pass,
But were an apt confessional for one
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That life is but a tale of morning grass
Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feed it mid Nature's old felicities,

Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice-happy quest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May)
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

William Wordsworth.

Tummel, the River.

THE TUMMEL AND THE DUCK.

PAST runs the sunlit Tummel, strong from his wilds above,
Blue as the deepest cobalt, shot like the neck of a dove;
He is fresh from the Moor of Rannoch, he has drained Loch Ericht dread,
And imaged in Carie's waters Ben y Houlach's stately head.
He has mourned by the graves of the Struans hid in the night of the wood,
And laughed past the pleasant slope where our old Dunalister stood.
Schihallion has heard him chafing down by his sunless steep,
And has watched the child of the mountains deep in his Loch asleep.

He 's awake and down by the Bonskeid, he has leapt his falls with glee,
He has married the Garry below, and they linger in Faskally;
Then off by Moulin of Earn, and down to our Duck and me.

Anonymous.

Turrit Hall.

THE LASS OF TURRIT HA'.

AMANG the hills, the rocky hills,
Where whirs the moorcock, waves the heather,
Ae bonnie morn, in lightsome June,
I wi' a lassie did foregather.
Her naked feet, amang the grass,
Seemed dancin' snaw-white lambies twa,
As she gaed singin' through the glen,—
The bonnie lass of Turrit Ha'!

I stood upon an auld gray stane,
An' followed her wi' straining e'e,
As bairnies look on fallin' starns
That o'er the lift glint silentlie.
Her sang, her bonnie mornin' sang,
Upon my heart did thrilling fa';
A thing of light and love was she,
The bonnie lass of Turrit Ha'!

I met her on the Sabbath-day,
When winds amang the woods were lown,
When o'er the muir o' gorse an' broom
Came sweet the plaintive chanted tune.
And monie a bonnie quean was there;
But she was fairest o' them a',—
The bonniest tree within the wood,—
The bonnie lass of Turrit Ha'!

An' when they sang the holy Psalm,
Her voice was sweetest, dearest there,—
'Mang a' that gaed to God aboon,
Hers was the purest, holiest prayer!
I thought the light o' day was gane
When she ayont the kirkyard wa',
By yon burn-brae gaed wanderin' hame,—
The bonnie lass of Turrit Ha'!

A' things in earth an' heaven aboon
Ha'e something worthy to be loved;
But mair than a' I met afore
That lassie's smile my bosom moved.
The birdie lo'es the summer bush,
The maukin' lo'es the greenwood shaw;
But nane can tell how weel I lo'ed
The bonnie lass of Turrit Ha'!

The summer bud o' Turrit Glen,
Alas! aneath the mools is laid;
The winds that waved her raven hair
Are cauldly whistlin' o'er her bed:

But, while yon silent moon doth shine,
Sae lang as I ha'e breath to draw,
I 'll mind the gem o' youth an' love,
The bonnie lass of Turrit Ha' !

Robert Nicoll.

Tweed, the River.

TO THE RIVER TWEED.

O TWEED ! a stranger, that with wandering feet
O'er hill and dale has journeyed many a mile
(If so his weary thoughts he might beguile),
Delighted turns thy beauteous scenes to greet.
The waving branches that romantic bend
O'er thy tall banks, a soothing charm bestow;
The murmurs of thy wand'ring wave below
Seem to his ear the pity of a friend.
Delightful stream ! though now along thy shore,
When spring returns in all her wonted pride,
The shepherd's distant pipe is heard no more,
Yet here with pensive peace could I abide,
Far from the stormy world's tumultuous roar,
To muse upon thy banks at eventide.

William Lisle Bowles.

TWEEDSIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We 'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feathered folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I 'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'T is she does the virgins excel;
No beauty with her may compare;

Love's graces around her do dwell;
She 's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
O, tell me at morn where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay?
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

Robert Crawford.

SONNETS ON THE SCENERY OF THE TWEED.

I.

AS we had been in heart, now linked in hand,
Green Learmonth and the Cheviots left behind,
Homeward 't was ours by pastoral Tweed to wind,
Through the Arcadia of the Border-land:
Vainly would words portray my feelings, when
(A dreary chasm of separation past)
Fate gave thee to my vacant arms at last,
And made me the most happy man of men.
Accept these trifles, lovely and beloved,
And haply, in the days of future years,
While the far past to memory reappears,
Thou may'st retrace these tablets not unmoved,
Catherine! whose holy constancy was proved
By all that deepest tries, and most endears.

II.

WARK CASTLE.

EMBLEM of strength, which time hath quite subdued,
Scarcely on thy green mount the eye may trace

Those girding walls which made thee once a place
Of succor, in old days of deadly feud.
Yes! thou wert once the Scotch marauder's dread;
And vainly did the Roxburgh shafts assail
Thy moated towers, from which they fell like hail;
While waved Northumbria's pennon o'er thy head.
Thou wert the work of man, and so hast passed
Like those who piled thee; but the features still
Of steadfast nature all unchanged remain;
Still Cheviot listens to the northern blast,
And the blue Tweed winds murmuring round thy hill;
While Carham whispers of the slaughtered Dane.

III.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

Beneath, Tweed murmured amid the forests green:
And through thy beech-tree and laburnum boughs,
A solemn ruin, lovely in repose,
Dryburgh! thine ivied walls were grayly seen:
Thy court is now a garden, where the flowers
Expand in silent beauty, and the bird,
Flitting from arch to arch, alone is heard
To cheer with song the melancholy bowers.
Yet did a solemn pleasure fill the soul,
As through thy shadowy cloistral cells we trode,
To think, hoar pile! that once thou wert the abode
Of men, who could to solitude control
Their hopes,—yea! from ambition's pathways stole,
To give their whole lives blamelessly to God!

IV.

MELROSE ABBEY.

Summer was on thee, — the meridian light,
And, as we wandered through thy columned aisles,
Decked all thy hoar magnificence with smiles,
Making the rugged soft, the gloomy bright.
Nor was reflection from us far apart,
As clomb our steps thy lone and lofty stair,
Till, gained the summit, ticked in silent air
Thine ancient clock, as 't were thy throbbing heart.
Monastic grandeur and baronial pride
Subdued, — the former half, the latter quite,
Pile of King David! to thine altar's site,
Full many a footstep guides and long shall guide;
Where they repose, who met not, save in fight, —
And Douglas sleeps with Evers, side by side!

V.

ABBOTSFORD.

The calm of evening o'er the dark pine-wood
Lay with an aureate glow, as we explored
Thy classic precincts, hallowed Abbotsford!
And at thy porch in admiration stood:
We felt thou wert the work, th' abode of him
Whose fame hath shed a lustre on our age,
The mightiest of the mighty! — o'er whose page
Thousands shall hang, until Time's eye grow dim;
And then we thought, when shall have passed away

The millions now pursuing life's career,
And Scott himself is dust, how, lingering here,
Pilgrims from all the lands of earth shall stray
Amid thy cherished ruins, and survey
The scenes around, with reverential fear!

VI.

NIDPATH CASTLE.

STERN, rugged pile! thy scowl recalls the days
Of foray and of feud, when, long ago,
Homes were thought worthy of reproach or praise
Only as yielding safeguards from the foe:
Over thy gateways the armorial arms
Proclaim of doughty Douglases, who held
Thy towers against the foe, and thence repelled
Oft, after efforts vain, invasion's harms.
Eve dimmed the hills, as, by the Tweed below,
We sat where once thy blossomy orchards smiled,
And yet where many an apple-tree grows wild,
Listening the blackbird, and the river's flow;
While, high between us and the sunset glow,
Thy giant walls seemed picturesquely piled.

VII.

"THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR."

As speaks the sea-shell from the window-sill
Of cottage-home, far inland, to the soul
Of the bronzed veteran, till he hears the roll

Of ocean mid its islands chafing still;
As speaks the love-gift to the lonely heart
Of her whose hopes are buried in the grave
Of him whom tears, prayer, passion, could not save,
And Fate but linked that Death might tear apart,—
So speaks the ancient melody of thee,
Green "Bush aboon Traquair," that from the steep
O'erhang'st the Tweed until, mayhap afar,
In realms beyond the separating sea,
The plaided exile, 'neath the evening star,
Thinking of Scotland, scarce forbears to weep!

David Macbeth Moir.

THE INUNDATION.

SAYS the Tweed to the Till,
"What makes you run so still?"
Till says to Tweed,
"Though you run with speed,
And I run slow,
Yet, where you drown one man,
I can drown two!"

Says the Till to the Tweed,
"Where shall we meet? —
By the Cross of Swinton,
Or in Berwick Street?"
Says the Tweed to the Till,
"I am deadly though slow;
For three men that cross my fords,
Two sink below."

"The Eden will join us.
Her banks are all brimming;
And down her red waters
The Kelpies are swimming;
Deep, dark, and rushing,
The Whiteadder 's pouring.
When we four meet again
There 'll be a roaring! —
Women's loud wailing,
And peasants imploring!"

Walter Thornbury.

Tyndrum.

SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM.

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian crook,
And all that Greece and Italy have sung
Of swains reposing myrtle groves among!
Ours couch on naked rocks, will cross a brook
Swoln with chill rains, nor ever cast a look
This way or that, or give it even a thought
More than by smoothest pathway may be brought
Into a vacant mind. Can written book
Teach what they learn? Up, hardy mountaineer!
And guide the bard, ambitious to be one
Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,
On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and hear
To what dread powers He delegates his part
On earth, who works in the heaven of heavens, alone.

William Wordsworth.

Weirdlaw Hill.

THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL.

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore,
Though Evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree, —
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warped and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye!
The harp of strained and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply!
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

Sir Walter Scott.

Woodburn.

THE DESOLATE VILLAGE.

SWEET village! on thy pastoral hill
Arrayed in sunlight sad and still,
As if beneath the harvest-moon,
Thy noiseless homes were sleeping!
It is the merry month of June,
And creatures all of air and earth
Should now their holiday of mirth
With dance and song be keeping.
But, loveliest village! silent thou,
As cloud wreathed o'er the morning's brow,
When light is faintly breaking,
And midnight's voice afar is lost,
Like the wailing of a wearied ghost,
The shades of earth forsaking.

* * * * *

Sweet Woodburn! like a cloud that name
Comes floating o'er my soul!
Although thy beauty still survive,
One look hath changed the whole.
The gayest village of the gay
Beside thy own sweet river,
Wert thou on week or Sabbath day!
So bathed in the blue light of joy,
As if no trouble could destroy

Peace doomed to last forever.
Now in the shadow of thy trees
Still lovely in the tainted breeze,
The fell plague-spirit grimly lies
And broods, as in despite
Of uncomplaining lifelessness,
On the troops of silent shades that press
Into the churchyard's cold recess,
From that region of delight.

Last summer from the school-house door,
When the glad play-bell was ringing,
What shoals of bright-haired elves would pour,
Like small waves racing on the shore,
In dance of rapture singing!
Oft by yon little silver well,
Now sleeping in neglected cell,
The village maid would stand,
While resting on the mossy bank
With freshened soul the traveller drank
The cold cup from her hand;
Haply some soldier from the war,
Who would remember long and far
That lily of the land.
And still the green is bright with flowers,
And dancing through the sunny hours,
Like blossoms from enchanted bowers
On a sudden wafted by,
Obedient to the changeful air,
And proudly feeling they are fair,
Glide bird and butterfly.

But where is the tiny hunter-rout
That revelled on with dance and shout
Against their airy prey?
Alas! the fearless linnet sings,
And the bright insect folds its wings
Upon the dewy flower that springs
Above these children's clay.
And if to yon deserted well
Some solitary maid,
As she was wont at eve, should go,
There silent as her shade
She stands awhile, then sad and slow
Walks home, afraid to think
Of many a loudly laughing ring
That dipped their pitchers in that spring,
And lingered round its brink.

* * * * *

Sweet spire, that crown'st the house of God!
To thee my spirit turns,
While through a cloud the softened light
On thy yellow dial burns.
Ah me! my bosom inly bleeds
To see the deep-worn path that leads
Unto that open gate!
In silent blackness it doth tell
How oft thy little sullen bell
Hath o'er the village tolled its knell,
In beauty desolate.
Oft, wandering by myself at night,
Such spire hath risen in softened light
Before my gladdened eyes,

And as I looked around to see
The village sleeping quietly
Beneath the quiet skies,
Methought that mid her stars so bright,
The moon in placid mirth,
Was not in heaven a holier sight
Than God's house on the earth.
Sweet image, transient in my soul!
That very bell hath ceased to toll
When the grave receives its dead,
And the last time it slowly swung,
'T was by a dying stripling rung
O'er the sexton's hoary head!
All silent now from cot or hall
Comes forth the sable funeral.
The pastor is not there!
For yon sweet manse now empty stands,
Nor in its walls will holier hands
Be e'er held up in prayer.

John Wilson.

Woodhouselee.

THE BONNIE LASS O' WOODHOUSELEE.

THE sun blinks sweetly on yon shaw,
But sweeter far on Woodhouselee,
And dear I like his setting beam
For sake o' ane sae dear to me.

It was na simmer's fairy scenes,
In a' their charming luxury,
But Beauty's sel' that won my heart,
The bonnie lass o' Woodhouselee.

Sae winnin' was her witchin' smile,
Sae piercin' was her coal-black e'e,
Sae sairly wounded was my heart,
That had na wist sic ills to dree;
In vain I strave in beauty's chains,
I cou'd na keep my fancy free,
She gat my heart sae in her thrall,
The bonnie lass o' Woodhouselee.

The bonnie knowes, sae yellow a',
Where aft is heard the hum of bee,
The meadow green, and breezy hill,
Where lambkins sport sae merrilie,
May charm the weary, wand'rin' swain,
When e'enin' sun dips in the sea,
But a' my heart, baith e'en and morn,
Is wi' the lass o' Woodhouselee.

The flowers that kiss the wimplin' burn,
And dew-clad gowans on the lea,
The water-lily on the lake,
Are but sweet emblems a' of thee;
And while in simmer smiles they bloom,
Sae lovely, and sae fair to see,
I 'll woo their sweets, e'en for thy sake,
The bonnie lass o' Woodhouselee.

Robert Allan.

Yarrow.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

THY braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!
Forever, now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow!

He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page,
To squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring, —
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow:
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met,
My passion as I freely told him;
Clasped in his arms, I little thought
That I should nevermore behold him.
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost, —
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the Water Wraith ascend,
And give a doleful groan through Yarrow!

His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother:
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from the window look;
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
No longer search the forest thorough;
For wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tears shall never leave my cheek;
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I 'll seek thy body in the stream,
And there with thee I 'll sleep in Yarrow!
The tear did never leave her cheek:
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And with him now she sleeps in Yarrow.

John Logan.

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

O SISTERS, there are midnight dreams
That pass not with the morning,
Then ask not why my reason swims
In a brain so wildly burning.
And ask not why I fancy how
Yon wee bird sings wi' sorrow,
That bluid lies mingled with the dew,
In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

My dream's wild light was not of night,
Nor of the dulefu' morning;
Thrice on the stream was seen the gleam
That seemed his sprite returning;
For sword-girt men came down the glen
An hour before the morrow,
And pierced the heart aye true to mine,
In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

O, there are red red drops o' dew
Upon the wild-flower's blossom,
But they could na cool my burning brow,
And shall not stain my bosom.
But from the clouds o' yon dark sky
A cold cold shroud I 'll borrow,
And long and deep shall be my sleep
In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

Let my form the bluid-dyed floweret press
By the heart o' him that lo'ed me,

And I 'll steal frae his lips a long long kiss
In the bower where aft he wooed me.
For my arms shall fold and my tresses shield
The form of my death-cold marrow,
When the breeze shall bring the raven's wing
O'er the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

Henry S. Riddell.

YARROW UNVISITED.

FROM Stirling castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled;
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "winsome marrow,"
"Whate'er betide, we 'll turn aside,
And see the braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow; 't is their own, —
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There 's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus;

There 's pleasant Teviot-dale, a land
  Made blithe with plough and harrow:
Why throw away a needful day
  To go in search of Yarrow?

"What 's Yarrow but a river bare,
  That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere,
  As worthy of your wonder."
Strange words they seemed, of slight and scorn;
  My true-love sighed for sorrow,
And looked me in the face, to think
  I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"O, green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,
  And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
  But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path and open strath
  We 'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
  Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and homebred kine partake
  The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
  Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go
  To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough, if in our hearts we know
  There 's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We 'll keep them, winsome marrow!
For when we 're there, although 't is fair,
'T will be another Yarrow!

"If care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly, —
Should we be loath to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy, —
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'T will soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show, —
The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

William Wordsworth.

YARROW VISITED.

AND is this Yarrow? — this the stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why? — a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;

Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings,
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender, hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection,
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice,
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,

The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark's towers
Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts that nestle there, —
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wildwood fruits to gather,

And on my true-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I inwreathed my own!
'T were no offence to reason;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see, — but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives,
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the heights,
They melt and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine, —
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me, — to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

William Wordsworth.

YARROW REVISITED.

THE gallant youth who may have gained
Or seeks a "winsome marrow,"
Was but an infant in the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow;

Once more, by Newark's castle-gate
Long left without a warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Were on the bough, or falling;
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed,
The forest to embolden;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the stream flowed on
In foamy agitation;
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation:
No public and no private care
The freeborn mind enthralling,
We made a day of happy hours,
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the morn of youth,
With freaks of graceful folly, —
Life's temperate noon, her sober eve,
Her night not melancholy;
Past, present, future, all appeared
In harmony united,
Like guests that meet, and some from far,
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unaltered face,
Though we were changed and changing;
If, then, some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
And her divine employment!
The blameless Muse, who trains her sons
For hope and calm enjoyment!
Albeit sickness, lingering yet,
Has o'er their pillow brooded;
And Care waylays their steps,—a sprite
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O Scott! compelled to change
Green Eildon Hill and Cheviot
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes,
And leave thy Tweed and Teviot
For mild Sorrento's breezy waves,
May classic Fancy, linking
With native Fancy her fresh aid,
Preserve thy heart from sinking!

O, while they minister to thee,
Each vying with the other,
May Health return to mellow age,
With Strength, her venturous brother,

And Tiber, and each brook and rill
  Renowned in song and story,
With unimagined beauty shine,
  Nor lose one ray of glory!

For thou, upon a hundred streams,
  By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
  Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
  Wherever they invite thee,
At parent Nature's grateful call,
  With gladness must requite thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,
  Such looks of love and honor
As thy own Yarrow gave to me
  When first I gazed upon her;
Beheld what I had feared to see,
  Unwilling to surrender
Dreams treasured up from early days,
  The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all
  That mortals do or suffer,
Did no responsive harp, no pen,
  Memorial tribute offer?
Yea, what were mighty Nature's self,
  Her features, could they win us,
Unhelped by the poetic voice
  That hourly speaks within us?

Nor deem that localized Romance
Plays false with our affections;
Unsanctifies our tears, made sport
For fanciful dejections:
Ah, no! the visions of the past
Sustain the heart in feeling
Life as she is, — our changeful life,
With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, ye, whose thoughts that day
In Yarrow's groves were centred;
Who through the silent portal arch
Of mouldering Newark entered,
And clomb the winding stair that once
Too timidly was mounted
By the "last Minstrel," (not the last!)
Ere he his Tale recounted.

Flow on forever, Yarrow stream!
Fulfil thy pensive duty,
Well pleased that future bards should chant
For simple hearts thy beauty;
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
Dear to the common sunshine,
And dearer still, as now I feel,
To memory's shadowy moonshine!

William Wordsworth.

THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

O, MARY 's red, and Mary 's white,
And Mary she 's the king's delight;
The king's delight and the prince's marrow,
Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow.

When I look east, my heart grows sair;
But when I look west, it 's mair and mair;
And when I look to the banks of Yarrow,
There I mind my winsome marrow.

Now she 's gone to Edinburgh town,
To buy braw ribbons to tie her gown;
She 's bought them broad, and laid them narrow,—
Mary Scott is the flower of Yarrow.

Anonymous.

WILLY DROWNED IN YARROW.

"WILLY 's rare, and Willy 's fair,
And Willy 's wondrous bonny;
And Willy heght to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

"Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I 'll make it narrow;
For a' the livelang winter night
I ly twined of my marrow.

"O came you by yon water-side?
Pou'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or saw you my sweet Willy?"

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig,
She found him drowned in Yarrow.

Anonymous.

BALLADS.

Airly.

THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLY.

IT fell on a day, and a bonnie summer day,
When the corn grew green and yellow,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyle and Airly.

The Duke o' Montrose has written to Argyle
To come in the morning early,
An' lead in his men, by the back o' Dunkeld,
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

The lady looked o'er her window sae hie,
And O, but she looked weary!
And there she espied the great Argyle
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

"Come down, come down, Lady Margaret," he says,
"Come down and kiss me fairly,

Or before the morning clear daylight,
I 'll no leave a standing stane in Airly."

"I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
I wadna kiss thee fairly,
I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
Gin you shoudna leave a standing stane in Airly."

He has ta'en her by the middle sae sma',
Says, "Lady, where is your drury?"
"It 's up and down by the bonnie burn side,
Amang the planting o' Airly."

They sought it up, they sought it down,
They sought it late and early,
And found it in the bonnie balm-tree,
That shines on the bowling-green o' Airly.

He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,
And O, but she grat sairly,
And led her down to yon green bank,
Till he plundered the bonnie house o' Airly.

"O, it 's I hae seven braw sons," she says,
"And the youngest ne'er saw his daddie,
And altho' I had as mony mae,
I wad gie them a' to Charlie.

"But gin my good lord had been at hame,
As this night he is wi' Charlie,
There durst na a Campbell in a' the west
Hae plundered the bonnie house o' Airly."

Anonymous.

Binnorie.

THE TWA SISTERS.

THERE were twa sisters lived in a bower;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The youngest o' them, O, she was a flower!
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

There came a squire frae the west;
He lo'ed them baith, but the youngest best;

He gied the eldest a gay gowd ring;
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing.

He courted the eldest wi' broach and knife;
But he lo'ed the youngest as his life.

The eldest she was vexéd sair,
And sore envied her sister fair.

And it fell once upon a day,
The eldest to the youngest did say:

"O sister, come to the sea-strand,
And see our father's ships come to land."

She 's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And led her down to the sea-strand.

The youngest sat upon a stane;
The eldest came and pushed her in.

"O sister, sister, lend me your hand,
And you shall be heir of half my land."

"O sister, I 'll not reach my hand,
And I 'll be heir of all your land.

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take!
It twinned me and my world's maik."

"O sister, reach me but your glove,
And you shall be sweet William's love."

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove,
And sweet William shall better be my love.

"Your cherry cheeks and yellow hair
Had gar'd me gang maiden evermair."

First she sank, and syne she swam,
Until she cam to Tweed mill-dam.

The miller's dauchter was baking breid,
And gaed for water as she had need.

"O father, father, in our mill-dam
There 's either a mermaid or a milk-white swan."

The miller quickly drew his dam;
And there he fand a drowned woman.

You couldna see her yellow hair,
For gowd and pearls that were sae rare.

You couldna see her middle sma',
Her gowden girdle was sae braw.

You couldna see her lilie feet,
Her gowden fringes were sae deep.

You couldna see her fingers sma',
Wi' diamond rings they were covered a'.

"Sair will they be, whae'er they be,
The hearts that live to weep for thee!"

Then by there cam a harper fine,
That harpéd to the king at dine.

And, when he looked that lady on,
He sighed, and made a heavy moan.

He has ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
And wi' them strung his harp sae fair.

And he brought the harp to her father's hall,
And there the court was assembled all.

He laid his harp upon a stone,
And straight it began to play alone.

"O, yonder sits my father, the king!
And yonder sits my mother, the queen!

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
And by him my William sweet and true!"

But the last tune that the harp played then,
Binnorie, O Binnorie,
Was, "Woe to my sister, false Helen!"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Anonymous.

Caldon Low.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW.

"AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?"
"I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill."

"O, tell me all, my Mary, —
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

"And their harp-strings rung so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;

But, O, the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?"
"I 'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

"'O, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

"And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;

"'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.

"'O, the poor blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She 'll be blithe enough when the mildew 's gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.'

"And some they brought the brown lintseed,
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

"O, the poor lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!'

"And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin;
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.'

"With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldon Low
The mists were cold and gray,

And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But, coming down from the hill-top,
I heard afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

Mary Howitt.

Cheviot.

CHEVY-CHACE.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Erle Piercy took his way;
The child may rue, that is unborn,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and bear away:
The tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Earl Piercy present word,
He would prevent his sport;
The English earl, not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear.

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain;
Then having din'd, the drovers went
To rouze them up again.

The bow-men muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Piercy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me heer.

"If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."

With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight.

"All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed."
"Then cease your sport," Erle Piercy said,
"And take your bows with speed.

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yet
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," he said, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Piercy he;
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be.

"Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest hart to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an earl thou art;
Lord Piercy, so am I.

"But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battel try,
And set our men aside:
"Accurs'd be he," Lord Piercy said,
"By whom this is deny'd."

Then stept a gallant squire forth
(Witherington was his name),
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

"That ere my captaine fought on foot,
And I stood looking on:

"You be two earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone.

"I 'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I 'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent;
A captain mov'd with mickle pride
The spears to shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on every side,
No slacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions wood they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Piercy," Douglas said;
"In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Piercy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spoke more words than these,
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Piercy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Piercy took
The dead man by the hand;

And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land!

"O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas dye,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Piercy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely thro' the fight;

And pass'd the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Piercy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a veh'ment force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could stain;
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his shaft he set,
The gray goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battel scarce was done.

With the Earl Piercy, there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and good Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas, there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,

Sir Charles Currel, that from the field
One foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murrel, of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like wise
Did with Earl Douglas dye;
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy-Chace,
Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

"O heavy news," King James did say;
"Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chace.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Sith 't will no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

"Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Piercy's sake."

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, on Humbledown;
In one day, fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
Made by the Earl Piercy.

God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

Anonymous.

Cromdale.

THE HAWS OF CROMDALE.

AS I came in by Achendown,
A little wee bit frae the town,
When to the Highlands I was bown,
To view the haws of Cromdale,

I met a man in tartan trews,
I spier'd at him what was the news;
Quoth he, "The Highland army rues
That e'er we came to Cromdale."

"We were in bed, sir, every man,
When the English host upon us came;
A bloody battle then began
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

"The English horse they were so rude,
They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood,
But our brave clans they boldly stood,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

"But alas! we could no longer stay,
For o'er the hills we came away,
And sore we do lament the day
That e'er we came to Cromdale."

* * * * *

Thus the great Montrose did say,
"Can you direct the nearest way?
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And view the haws of Cromdale."

"Alas, my lord, you 're not so strong;
You scarcely have two thousand men,
And there 's twenty thousand on the plain,
Stand rank and file on Cromdale."

Thus the great Montrose did say,
"I say, direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And see the haws of Cromdale."

They were at dinner, every man,
When great Montrose upon them came;
A second battle then began
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The Grants, Mackenzies, and M'Kys,
Soon as Montrose they did espy,
O then they fought most vehemently,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The M'Donalds, they return'd again,
The Camerons did their standard join,
M'Intosh play'd a bonny game,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The M'Gregors fought like lyons bold,
M'Phersons, none could them controul,

M'Lauchlins fought like loyal souls,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

(M'Leans, M'Dougals, and M'Neals,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.)

The Gordons boldly did advance,
The Fraziers (fought) with sword and lance,
The Grahams they made their heads to dance,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,
So boldly set upon their foes,
And brought them down with highland blows,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

Of twenty thousand Cromwells men,
Five hundred went to Aberdeen,
The rest of them lyes on the plain,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

Anonymous.

Dunfermline.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

THE king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
O quhar will I get guid sailór,
To sail this schip of mine?

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailór,
That sails upon the se.

The king has written a braid letter,
And signed it wi' his hand;
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he:
The next line that Sir Patrick red
The teir blinded his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me;
To send me out this time o' the zeir,
To sail upon the se?

Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne.
O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moone
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;
And I feir, I feir, my deir mastér,
That we will com to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;

Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may thair ladies sit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they 'll se thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,
It 's fiftie fadom deip:
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

Percy's Reliques.

Highlands of Scotland.

A WRAITH IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

UP to the North by the Highland Railway;
And down to the South by the Great Mid-Glen, —
The lake-linked canal of Caledonia,
Historic track of her hero men;

By the woods of Dunkeld and sweet Blair Athole,
By Garry's flow and Tummel's side;

By haunted Urrard and Killiecrankie,
Where Cavalier Claverhouse won and died; —

Mid the orchard blooms of sunny Forres,
Where a princely fugitive hidden lay;
'Mong the heather-bells of the Moor of Drummossie,
That saw red Culloden's fatal day;

By the rushing and roaring Fall of Foyers,
Ever singing requiems in its flow;
By the lordly ruins of Invergarry,
That Duke William only half laid low;

Nay, even by storied Inverlochy,
That is ever bright with Montrose's name,
And through dark Glencoe, forever recalling
The deadly assassin's sword and flame, —

What was it, through all, that walked beside me,
Or sailed, or ran, or paused, or rode,
As if some old dim and haunting Presence
Had been by my Highland blood bestowed?

So clear sometimes was its outlined seeming,
That I half believed she had grown to two, —
My winsome, brown-eyed Starlight lassie,
With her tartan-plaid and her bonnet blue.

But the face was too pale and dim with sorrow;
Too classic the shape, the form too tall.
No; something of old it was, half godlike,
Like some Paladin dimmed by his coming fall.

Ah, I knew, at last! It was Charlie Stuart!
Not as he landed on Moidart's shore,
With the memory of exiled years behind him,
And the hope of a kingdom on before;

But broken, as faithful Flora Macdonald
Sheltered him far away in Skye;
Rough-garbed, as when over moor and mountain
He was forced alternate to hide and fly.

But still, ah, still the Scots-people's darling,
The Chevalier, with his winsome smile,
And the hope of a noble and kingly future,
Though danger and want might exist the while.

"What is it," I asked, when I knew the Presence,
And unbonneted stood to the princely wraith, —
"What is it that holds, through so many ages,
A loyalty useless, a hollow faith?"

Ah, again came the answer, "Beauty and Sorrow:
The smile to win, with no hand to hold;
The might have been, waking endless pity:
Given these, and the wondrous secret is told.

"No more, from the houses or hills they haunted,
Go those away who have touched the heart:
They win what success could never win them,
They hold what could never be held by art.

"The Babes in the Tower; young murthered Arthur;
Lady Jane, who died for an unsought crown;

The Orleans Maid, falling, madly heroic;
The Scottish Queen by her foes crushed down, —

"Ah, these have a place beyond their deserving;
Their stories linger when brighter fade;
And on every spot where they lived and suffered
There walks, through all coming time, a shade."

O Charlie Stuart! poor Charlie Stuart,
That you missed of a crown of gold and gems;
But blest, among men, to wear forever
The proudest of mental diadems! —

To be ever loved; to be ever pitied;
To be ever gallant and fresh and young;
To keep, through the ages, a living presence,
With a song and a sigh on every tongue!

Henry Morford.

Netherby Hall.

LOCHINVAR.

THE young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide, —
And now I am come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume;

And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Sir Walter Scott.

Roslin.

GILDEROY.

THE last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me:
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows' tree!

The bell has tolled; it shakes my heart;
The trumpet speaks thy name;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame?

No bosom trembles for thy doom,
No mourner wipes a tear;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier.

O Gilderoy! bethought we then
So soon, so sad to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumphed o'er my heart?

Your locks they glittered to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim;
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound;

Or hear, upon the scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue;
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you!

A long adieu! but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn?

Yes! they will mock thy widow's tears,
And hate thine orphan boy;
Alas! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound
That wraps thy mouldering clay,
And weep and linger on the ground,
And sigh my heart away.

Thomas Campbell.

Stirling.

YOUNG WATERS.

ABOUT Zule quhen the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
Ah! there is cum to our king's court
Mony a well-favor'd man.

The queen luikit owre the castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down,
And there she saw young Waters
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind,
And mantel of the burning gowd
Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before,
And siller shod behind;
The horse young Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

Out then spak a wylie lord,
Unto the queen said he:
"O tell me quha 's the fairest face
Rides in the company?"

"I 've sene lord, and I 've seen laird,
And knights of high degree,
But a fairer face than young Waters'
Mine eyne did never see."

Out then spak the jealous king
(And an angry man was he):
"O, if he had been twice as fair,
You micht have excepted me."

"You 're neither laird nor lord," she says,
"But the king that wears the crown;

There 's not a knight in fair Scotland,
But to thee maun bow down."

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeased he wadna be;
But for the words which she had said
Young Waters he maun die.

They hae ta'en young Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet;
They hae ta'en young Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town,
In the wind bot and the weit;
But I ne'er rade thro' Stirling town
Wi' fetters at my feet.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town,
In the wind bot and the rain;
But I ne'er rode thro' Stirling town
Ne'er to return again.

They hae ta'en to the heiding hill
His young son in his cradle;
And they hae ta'en to the heiding hill
His horse bot and the saddle.

They hae ta'en to the heiding hill
His lady fair to see;
And for the words the queen had spoke
Young Waters he did die.

Anonymous.

Usher's Well.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL.

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she,
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife,
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife,
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood."

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;

But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

* * * * *

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She 's made it large and wide;
And she 's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bedside.

* * * * *

Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'T is time we were away."

The cock he hadna crawed but once,
And clapped his wings at a',
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass,
That kindles my mother's fire."

Anonymous.

Yarrow, the River.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

"BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
And think nae mair of the Braes of Yarrow."

"Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie bride,
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?"
I gat her where I daurna weel be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow."

"Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?"

"Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep, —
Lang maun she weep wi' dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?

"What 's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
What 's yonder floats? O, dule and sorrow!
'T is he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the dulefu' Braes of Yarrow.

"Wash, O, wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears o' dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the banks of Yarrow.

"Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sorrow;
And weep around, in waeful wise,
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow!

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
The arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow!

"Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? But, to my sorrow,

Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met'st,
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Sweet smell the birk; green grows, green grows the grass;
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock;
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan!

"Flows Yarrow sweet? As sweet, as sweet flows Tweed;
As green its grass; its gowan as yellow;
As sweet smells on its braes the birk;
The apple frae its rock as mellow!

"Fair was thy love! fair, fair indeed thy love!
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter;
Though he was fair and well-beloved again,
Than I he never loved thee better.

"Busk ye then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow."

"How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How love him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow?

"O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew, thy tender blossoms cover!

For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover!

"The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, — 't was my ain sewing;
Ah, wretched me! I little, little kenned
He was in these to meet his ruin.

"The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unmindful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the too fa' of the night,
He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow!

"Much I rejoiced that waefu', waefu' day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was flown,
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear, —
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

"My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek, on Yarrow Braes,
My lover nailéd in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive, with threatening words, to move me;
My lover's blood is on thy spear, —
How can thou ever bid me love thee?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love!
With bridal sheets my body cover!
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door!
Let in the expected husband-lover!

"But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter!
Ah me! what ghastly spectre 's yon
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
O, lay his cold head on my pillow!
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
O, could my warmth to life restore thee!
Ye 'd lie all night between my breasts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

"Pale, pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lie there after."

Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow:
Thy lover heeds naught of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

William Hamilton.

DENMARK AND ICELAND.

INTRODUCTORY TO DENMARK.

THE BARD.

O, GREAT was Denmark's land in time of old!
Wide to the south her branch of glory spread;
Fierce to the battle rushed her heroes bold,
Eager to join the revels of the dead:
While the fond maiden flew with smiles to fold
Round her returning warrior's vesture red
Her arm of snow, with nobler passion fired,
When to the breast of love, exhausted, he retired.

Nor bore they only to the field of death
The bossy buckler and the spear of fire;
The bard was there, with spirit-stirring breath,
His bold heart quivering as he swept the wire,
And poured his notes, amidst the ensanguined heath,
While panting thousands kindled at his lyre:
Then shone the eye with greater fury fired,
Then clashed the glittering mail, and the proud foe retired.

And when the memorable day was past,
And Thor triumphant on his people smiled,

The actions died not with the day they graced;
The bard embalmed them in his descant wild,
And their hymned names, through ages uneffaced,
The weary hours of future Danes beguiled:
When even their snowy bones had mouldered long,
On the high column lived the imperishable song.

And the impetuous harp resounded high
With feats of hardiment done far and wide,
While the bard soothed with festive minstrelsy
The chiefs, reposing after battle-tide:
Nor would stern themes alone his hand employ;
He sang the virgin's sweetly tempered pride,
And hoary eld, and woman's gentle cheer,
And Denmark's manly hearts, to love and friendship dear.

Adam Gottlob Oehlenschläger.
Tr. William Sidney Walker.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Danish king,
Hurry!
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
O, ride as though you were flying!
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
Hurry!
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
O, ride as though you were flying!
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
Hurry!
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle-horn;
Silence!
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eying,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O steed, that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

Hon. Caroline Norton.

KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"

"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and death glared where he went:
From the waves was heard a wail that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol',
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!
Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

Johannes Evald. Tr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

THOU spot of earth, where from my bosom
The first weak tones of nature rose;
Where first I cropped the stainless blossom
Of pleasure, yet unmixed with woes;

Where, with my new-born powers delighted,
I tripped beneath a mother's hand;
In thee the quenchless flame was lighted,
That sparkles for my native land!

And when in childhood's quiet morning
Sometimes to distant haunts we rove,
The heart, like bended bow returning,
Springs swifter to its home of love!
Each hill, each dale, that shared our pleasures,
Becomes a heaven in memory;
And even the broken veteran measures
With sprightlier step his haunts of glee.

Through east, through west, where'er creation
Glows with the cheerful hum of men,
Clear, bright it burns, to earth's last nation,
The ardor of the citizen!
The son of Greenland's white expansion
Contemns green corn and laughing vine;
The cot is his embattled mansion,
The rugged rock his Palestine.

Such was the beacon-light that guided
Our earliest chiefs through war and woe;
Even love itself in fame subsided,
Though love was all their good below:
Thus young Hialte rushed to glory,
And left his mourning maid behind;
He fell, — and Honor round his story,
Dropping with tears, her wreath entwined.

Such flame, O pastor-chief! impelled thee
To quit the crosier for the blade;
Not even the heaven-loved cloister held thee,
When Denmark called thee to her aid:
No storms could chill, no darkness blind thee,
Ankona saw her thousands bend;
Yet when her suppliant arms entwined thee,
She found a man in Denmark's friend.

O'er Norway's crags, o'er Denmark's valleys,
Heroic tombs profusely rise,
Memorials of the love that rallies
Nations round kings, and knits their ties.
Sweet is the bond of filial duty,
Sweet is the grasp of friendly hand,
Sweet is the kiss of opening beauty,
But sweeter still our native land.

Thou monument of truth unfailing!
Sublime, unshaken Frederickshall!
In vain, with peal on peal assailing,
Charles thundered at thy fatal wall;
Beneath thy cliff, in flames ascending,
A sacrifice to virtue blazed,
When patriot bands, serene, unbending,
Consumed the domes their fathers raised.

O royal town! in memory hallowed
To Denmark's last and darkest day!
The prize that Sweden's hunter followed
Behind thy feeble ramparts lay:

But faith, the strength of towers supplying,
Bade Vasa tremble for his name;
While round the rescued Hafnia lying
Expired stern Sweden's flower and fame.

Long, long shall Danish maidens sigh
For those who in their battle fell;
And mothers long, with beaming eye,
Of Frederickshall and Hafnia tell!
The child that learns to lisp his mother,
Shall learn to lisp his country's name;
Shall learn to call her son a brother,
And guard her rights with heart of flame.

Burn high, burn clear, thou spark unfading,
From Holstein's oaks to Dofra's base;
Till each, in war his country aiding,
Remain in peace her strength and grace!
The sons of wisdom shall approve us,
The God of patriots smile from high,
While we, and all the hearts that love us,
Breathe but for Denmark's liberty.

Thomas Thaarup. Tr. William Sidney Walker.

THE WOMEN OF DENMARK.

BRETHREN, join the social measure,
Sing our sister-Danes beloved,
While round each eye bedimmed with pleasure
Swims the form his youth approved.

And tell me not, that, cold to beauty,
Ye feel not yet her thrilling eye:
The heart that 's fit for friendship's duty
Is fit for gentle woman's tie.

Hence away, the man who wringeth
The soft heart on him bestowed;
Who, where love its fragrance flingeth,
Turns to thorns the flowery road!
And hence the man, whose faith is broken,
Who loves not her he loved of old,
Who coldly scorns affection's token,
O, he will prove a friend as cold!

Glory to the spouse who traces
Firm through sorrow's rocky soil
Him who shared her first embraces,
Side by side, nor faints with toil!
The silent tear that darkly glances
She kisses from him ere it fall,
She shares each smile, each sweet enhances,
His friend, his counsellor, his all.

Heaven's own blessing rest upon her,
The nymph who wins without a wile,
Her who turns a youth to honor
By the magic of her smile!
O, many a boy hath found in beauty
His guardian power, his spirit's aid;
How can he hate the paths of duty,
Who loves them in his dearest maid?

Joy to him, the loved, the loving,
To the husband and the friend!
May they win their heart's approving,
Who now in vain before her bend;
May he who scorns the fair's dominion
Soon bow beneath her gentle chains;
And Heaven's own love, with fostering pinion,
Watch ever o'er our sister-Danes!

Knud Lyne Rahbek. Tr. William Sidney Walker.

TO MY COUNTRY.

THOU spot of earth, where from the breast of woe
My eye first rose, and in the purple glow
Of morning, and the dewy smile of love,
Marked the first gleamings of the power above;

Where, wondering at its birth, my spirit rose,
Called forth from nothing by his word sublime,
To run its mighty race of joys and woes,
The proud coeval of immortal time;

Thou spot unequalled! where the thousand lyres
Of Spring first met me on her balmy gale,
And my rapt fancy heard celestial choirs
In the wild wood-notes and my mother's tale;

Where my first trembling accents were addressed
To lisp the dear, the unforgotten name,
And, clasped to mild Affection's throbbing breast,
My spirit caught from her the kindling flame:

My country! have I found a spot of joy
Through the wide precincts of the checkered earth,
So calm, so sweet, so guiltless of alloy,
As thou art to his soul whose best employ
Is to recall the joys that blessed his birth?

O, nowhere blooms so bright the summer rose,
As where youth cropt it from the valley's breast.
O, nowhere are the downs so soft as those
That pillowed infancy's unbroken rest.

In vain the partial sun on other vales
Pours liberal down a more exhaustless ray,
And vermeil fruits, that blush along their dales,
Mock the pale products of our scanty day;

In vain, far distant from the land we love,
The world's green breast soars higher to the sky;
O, what were heaven itself, if lost above
Were the dear memory of departed joy?

Range ocean, melt in amorous forests dim,
O'er icy peaks with sacred horror bend,
View life in thousand forms, and hear the hymn
Of love and joy from thousand hearts ascend,
And trace each blessing, where round freedom's shrine
Pure faith and equal laws their shadows twine;

Yet, wheresoe'er thou roam'st, to lovelier things
With mingled joy and grief thy spirit springs;
And all bright Arno's pastoral lays of love

Yield to the sports, where through the tangling grove
The mimic falcon chased the little dove.

O, what are Eloisa's bowers of cost,
Matched with the bush where hid in berries white
Mine arms around my infant love were crossed?
What Jura's peak, to that upon whose height
I strove to grasp the moon, and where the flight
Of my first thought was in my Maker lost?

No! here — but here in this lone paradise,
Which Frederic, like the peaceful angel, gilds, —
Where my loved brethren mix in social ties
From Norway's rocks to Holstein's golden fields;

O Denmark! in thy quiet lap reclined,
The dazzling joys of varied earth forgot,
I find the peace I strove in vain to find,
The peace I never found where thou wert not.

The countless wonders of my devious youth,
The forms of early love and early truth,
Rise on my view, in Memory's colors dressed;
And each lost angel smiles more lovingly,
And every star that cheered my early sky
Shines fairer in this happy port of rest!

Jens Baggesen. Tr. William Sidney Walker.

DENMARK.

Copenhagen.

DESCRIPTION OF WINTER AT COPENHAGEN.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how so near the pole attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite:
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing;
The ships unmoved the boisterous wind defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly;
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day;

The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into the glassy plain;
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, even here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds began through hazy skies to blow;
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descended rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow;
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
Seemed polished lances in a hostile field;
The stag, in limpid currents with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise;
The spreading oak, the beech, the towering pine,
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine;
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies;

The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends.
Or if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the drooping trees.
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
Through fragrant showers and through delicious meads;
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes;
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods and wilds and thorny ways appear;
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And as he goes the transient vision mourns.

Ambrose Philips.

Elsinore.

THE GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER.

FRANCISCO. Stand, ho! Who is there?
HORATIO. Friends to this ground.
MARCELLUS. And liegemen to the Dane.
FRAN. Give you good night.
MAR. O, farewell, honest soldier;
Who hath relieved you?
FRAN. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit* FRANCISCO.

MAR. Holla! Bernardo!

BER. Say,
What, is Horatio there?

HOR. A piece of him.

BER. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

HOR. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

BER. I have seen nothing.

MAR. Horatio says 't is but our fantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us.
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

HOR. Tush! tush! 't will not appear.

BER. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

HOR. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

BER. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that 's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one —

MAR. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

(*Enter* GHOST.)

BER. In the same figure like the king that 's dead.

MAR. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

BER. Looks it not like the king? Mark it, Horatio.

HOR. Most like; — it harrows me with fear and wonder.

BER. It would be spoke to.

MAR. Speak to it, Horatio.

HOR. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By Heaven, I charge thee, speak.

MAR. It is offended.

BER. See! it stalks away.

HOR. Stay; speak: speak, I charge thee speak.
[*Exit* GHOST.

MAR. 'T is gone, and will not answer.

BER. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale;
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?

HOR. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

MAR. Is it not like the king?

HOR. As thou art to thyself.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frowned he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.
'T is strange.

* * * * *

(*Re-enter* GHOST.)

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I 'll cross it, though it blast me. — Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid,
O, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

(*Cock crows.*)

Speak of it; — stay, and speak! — Stop it, Marcellus.

MAR. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

HOR. Do, if it will not stand.

BER. 'T is here!

HOR. 'T is here!

MAR. 'T is gone! [*Exit* GHOST.

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BER. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

HOR. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

MAR. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long.
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

HOR. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

MAR. Let 's do 't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient. [*Exeunt.*

* * * * *

HOR. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered: A figure like your father,
Armed at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walked,

By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I, with them, the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

HAMLET. But where was this?

HOR. My lord, upon the platform where we watched.

HAM. Did you not speak to it?

HOR. My lord, I did.
But answer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.

HAM. 'T is very strange.

HOR. As I do live, my honored lord, 't is true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

HAM. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

ALL. We do, my lord.

HAM. Armed, say you?

ALL. Armed, my lord.

HAM. From top to toe?

ALL. My lord, from head to foot.

HAM. Then saw you not
His face?
HOR. O yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
HAM. What, looked he frowningly?
HOR. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.
HAM. Pale, or red?
HOR. Nay, very pale.
HAM. And fixed his eyes upon you?
HOR. Most constantly.
HAM. I would I had been there.
HOR. It would have much amazed you.
HAM. Very like,
Very like. Staid it long?
HOR. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
MAR., BER. Longer, longer.
HOR. Not when I saw it.
HAM. His beard was grizzled? no?
HOR. It was as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.
HAM. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 't will walk again.
HOR. I warrant you it will.
HAM. If it assume my noble father's person,
I 'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;

I will requite your loves. So, fare you well.
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

* * * * *

(*Enter* GHOST.)

HOR. Look, my lord, it comes!

HAM. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me.
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canónized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in cómplete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

HOR. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

MAR. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground!
But do not go with it.

HOR. No, by no means.
HAM. It will not speak; then I will follow it.
HOR. Do not, my lord.
HAM. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again; — I 'll follow it.
HOR. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? Think of it.
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.
HAM. It waves me still.
Go on, I 'll follow thee.
MAR. You shall not go, my lord.
HAM. Hold off your hands.
HOR. Be ruled: you shall not go.
HAM. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. —
(GHOST *beckons.*)
Still am I called; — unhand me, gentlemen; —
(*Breaking from them.*)
By Heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me:
I say, away; — go on, I 'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt* GHOST *and* HAMLET.

HOR. He waxes desperate with imagination.
MAR. Let's follow; 't is not fit thus to obey him.
HOR. Have after. — To what issue will this come?
MAR. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
HOR. Heaven will direct it.
MAR. Nay, let's follow him.
[*Exeunt.*

(*Enter* GHOST *and* HAMLET.)

HAM. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.
GHOST. Mark me.
HAM. I will.
GHOST. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
HAM. Alas, poor ghost!
GHOST. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
HAM. Speak; I am bound to hear.
GHOST. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
HAM. What?
GHOST. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burned and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. — List, list, O, list! —
If thou didst ever thy dear father love ——

HAM. O Heaven!

GHOST. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAM. Murder?

GHOST. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAM. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear.
'T is given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused. But know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

HAM. O my prophetic soul! my uncle!

GHOST. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. — Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigor, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barked about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatched;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account

With all my imperfections on my head.
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire;
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*

HAM. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell? — O fie! — Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up! — Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the tables of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter.

William Shakespeare.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak," our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased,—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Outspoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;—
So peace instead of death let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose;
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,

While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of Fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

Thomas Campbell.

A LEGEND OF ELSINORE.

O, BUT she had not her peer
In the kingdom, far or near;
For God's hand had never made
Such royalty before.
All proud passions seemed to dwell,
Like the voices in a shell,
In the snowy bosom's swell
Of Queen Maud of Elsinore.

As the folds of midnight cloud,
With their starry splendors, shroud
Pale Diana, as she moves
Across the western skies;

So her midnight clouds of hair
Trailed upon her shoulders bare,
Shrouded all her forehead fair,
And made shadows in her eyes.

From the dizzy castle tips,
She would watch the silent ships,
Like sheeted phantoms, coming
And going evermore;
While the twilight settled down
On the sleepy little town,
On the gables, quaint and brown,
That had sheltered kings of yore.

* * * * *

Her lone walks led all one way,
And all ended at the gray,
And the ragged, jagged rocks,
That tooth the dreadful beach:
There Queen Maud would stand, the sweet!
With the white surf at her feet,
While above her wheeled the fleet
Sparrow-hawk with startling screech.

When the stars had blossomed bright,
And the gardens of the night
Seemed all full of marigolds
And violets astir,
Maiden Maud would sit alone,
And the sea with inner tone,
Half of melody and moan,
Would rise up and speak with her.

And she ever loved the sea,—
God's half-uttered mystery,—
With its million lips of shells,
Its never-ceasing roar;
And 't was well that, when she died,
They made Maud a grave beside
The blue pulses of the tide,
'Mong the crags of Elsinore.

One red-leaf falling morn,
Many russet autumns gone,
A lone ship with folded wings
Lay dozing off the lea;
It came silently at night,
With its wings of murky white
Folded, after weary flight,—
The worn nursling of the sea!

Crowds of peasants flocked the sands;
There were tears and clasping hands;
And a sailor from the ship
Passed through the graveyard gate.
Only "Maud," the headstone read;
Only Maud? Was 't all it said?
Why did he bow his head,
Weeping, "Late, alas! too late!"

And they called her cold. God knows,—
Underneath the winter snows,
The invisible hearts of flowers
Grow ripe for blossoming;

And the lives that look so cold,
If their stories could be told,
Would seem cast in gentler mould,
Would seem full of love and spring.

Anonymous.

Huen, the Island.

HUEN.

THIS island was given to Tycho Brahe, for his life, by Frederick II., King of Denmark, together with a large pension. And on August 8, 1576, this great astronomer laid the foundation of his famous observatory, or castle, called Uranienburg, where he resided twenty-one years. He died at Prague, to which city he went on the invitation of the Emperor Rodolphus II. in 1601, aged 55.

ONCE sacred to the starry skies,
In the mid ocean Huen lies;
Now lost to fame, the fisher's guile
Is all the study of the isle.
Thither I fled; with pious awe
I there great Tycho's mansion saw;
And midst his structures, now decayed,
With musing melancholy strayed.

Bishop Huet. Tr. J. Duncombe.

TYCHO BRAHE, OR THE RUINS OF URANIENBORG.

THOU by the strand dost wander,—
Yet here, O stranger, stay!
Turn towards the island yonder,
And listen to my lay:
Thy every meditation
Bid thither, thither haste;

A castle had its station
On yon banks ages past.

In long-past days in glory
It stood, and grandeur sheen;
Now — 't was so transitory —
Its ruins scarce are seen.
But it in ancient tide was
For height and size renowned,
It seen from every side was
Uprising from the ground.

For no sea-king intended,
I ween, was yonder hold;
Urania! it ascended
In praise of thee so bold.
Close by the ocean roaring,
Far, far from mortal jars,
It stood towards heaven soaring,
And towards the little stars.

A gate in the wall eastward
Showed like a mighty mouth;
There was another westward,
And spires stood north and south.
The castle dome, high rearing
Itself, a spirelet bore,
Where stood, 'fore the wind veering,
A Pegasus, gilt o'er.

Towers, which the sight astounded,
In north and south were placed,
Upon strong pillars founded,
And both with galleries graced.

And there they caught attention
Of all, who thither strolled,
Quadrants of large dimension,
And spheres in flames that rolled.

One, from the castle staring,
Across the island spied
The woods, green foliage bearing,
And ocean's bluey tide.
The halls the sight enchanted,
With colors bright of blee;
The gardens they were planted
With many a flower and tree.

When down came night careering,
And vanished was the sun,
The stars were seen appearing
All heaven's arch upon.
Far, far was heard the yelling
(When one thereto gave heed)
Of those who watched the dwelling,
Four hounds of mastiff breed.

The good knight ceased to walk on
The fields of war and gore;
His helm and sword the balk on
He hung, to use no more.
From earth, its woe and riot,
His mind had taken flight,
When in his chamber quiet
He sat at depth of night.

Then he his eye erected
Into the night so far,
And keen the course inspected
Of every twinkling star;
The stars his fame transported
Wide over sea and land;
And kings his friendship courted,
And sought his islet's strand.

But the stars pointed serious
To other countries' track;
His fate called him imperious;
He went, and came not back.
The haughty walls, through sorrow,
Have long since sunken low;
The heavy ploughshares furrow
Thy house, Urania! now.

Each time the sun is sinking,
It friendly looks on Hveen;
Its rays there linger, thinking
On what that place has been.
The moon hastes, melancholy,
Past, past her coast so dear;
And in love's pleasure holy
Shines Freya's starlet clear:

Then suddenly takes to heaving
Of that same ruin old
The basis deep, believing,
Some evening, — 't is oft told, —

For many moments, gladly,
'T would rise up from the mould;—
It may not; so it sadly
Sinks in Death's slumber cold.

Peter Andreas Heiberg. Tr. Anon.

Kallundborg.

KALLUNDBORG CHURCH.

"BUILD at Kallundborg by the sea
A church as stately as church may be,
And there shalt thou wed my daughter fair,"
Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern Snare.

And the Baron laughed. But Esbern said,
"Though I lose my soul, I will Helva wed!"
And off he strode, in his pride of will,
To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill.

"Build, O Troll, a church for me
At Kallundborg by the mighty sea;
Build it stately, and build it fair,
Build it quickly," said Esbern Snare.

But the sly Dwarf said, "No work is wrought
By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for naught.
What wilt thou give for thy church so fair?"
"Set thy own price," quoth Esbern Snare.

"When Kallundborg church is builded well,
Thou must the name of its builder tell,
Or thy heart and thy eyes must be my boon."
"Build," said Esbern, "and build it soon."

By night and by day the Troll wrought on;
He hewed the timbers, he piled the stone;
But day by day, as the walls rose fair,
Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.

He listened by night, he watched by day,
He sought and thought, but he dared not pray;
In vain he called on the Elle-maids shy,
And the Neck and the Nis gave no reply.

Of his evil bargain far and wide
A rumor ran through the country-side;
And Helva of Nesvek, young and fair,
Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.

And now the church was wellnigh done;
One pillar it lacked, and one alone;
And the grim Troll muttered, "Fool thou art!
To-morrow gives me thy eyes and heart!"

By Kallundborg in black despair,
Through wood and meadow, walked Esbern Snare,
Till, worn and weary, the strong man sank
Under the birches on Ulshoi bank.

At his last day's work he heard the Troll
Hammer and delve in the quarry's hole;
Before him the church stood large and fair:
"I have builded my tomb," said Esbern Snare.

And he closed his eyes the sight to hide,
When he heard a light step at his side:
"O Esbern Snare!" a sweet voice said,
"Would I might die now in thy stead!"

With a grasp by love and by fear made strong,
He held her fast, and he held her long;
With the beating heart of a bird afeard,
She hid her face in his flame-red beard.

"O love!" he cried, "let me look to-day
In thine eyes ere mine are plucked away;
Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy heart
Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart!

"I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee!
Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me!"
But fast as she prayed, and faster still,
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill.

He knew, as he wrought, that a loving heart
Was somehow baffling his evil art;
For more than spell of Elf or Troll
Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul.

And Esbern listened, and caught the sound
Of a Troll-wife singing underground:
"To-morrow comes Fine, father thine:
Lie still and hush thee, baby mine!

"Lie still, my darling! next sunrise
Thou 'lt play with Esbern Snare's heart and eyes!"

"Ho! ho!" quoth Esbern, "is that your game?
Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his name!"

The Troll he heard him, and hurried on
To Kallundborg church with the lacking stone.
"Too late, Gaffer Fine!" cried Esbern Snare;
And Troll and pillar vanished in air!

That night the harvesters heard the sound
Of a woman sobbing underground,
And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud with blame
Of the careless singer who told his name.

Of the Troll of the Church they sing the rune
By the Northern Sea in the harvest moon;
And the fishers of Zealand hear him still
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of birch
Still looks the tower of Kallundborg church,
Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern Snare!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Karisegaard.

DAME MARTHA'S FOUNTAIN.

DAME MARTHA dwelt at Karisegaard,
So many kind deeds she wrought:
If the winter were sharp, and the rich man hard,
Her gate the indigent sought.

With her hand the hungry she loved to feed,
To the sick she lent her aid,
The prisoner oft from his chains she freed,
And for souls of sinners she prayed.

But Denmark's land was in peril dire:
The Swede around burnt and slew,
The castle of Martha they wrapped in fire;
To the church the good lady flew.

She dwelt in the tower both night and day,
There unto her none repaired;
'Neath the church-roof sat the dull owl gray,
And upon the good lady glared.

And in the Lord's house she dwelt safe and content,
Till the foes their departure had ta'en;
Then back to her castle in ruins she went,
And bade it be builded again.

There found the houseless a cover once more,
And the mouths of the hungry bread;
But all in Karise by[1] wept sore,
As soon as Dame Martha was dead.

And when the dame lay in her coffin and smiled,
So calm with her pallid face,
O, there was never so little a child
But was brought on her to gaze!

The bell on the day of the burial tolled,
And youth and age shed the tear;

[1] Village.

And there was no man so weak and old
But helped to lift the bier.

And when they the bier set down for a space,
And rested upon the church road,
A fountain sprang forth in that very same place,
And there to this hour has it flowed.

God bless forever the pious soul!
Her blessings no lips can tell:
Oft straight have the sick become sound and whole
Who 've drank at Dame Martha's well.

The tower yet stands with the gloomy nook,
Where Dame Martha sat of old;
Oft comes a stranger thereon to look,
And with joy hears the story told.

Bernhard Severin Ingemann.

Odensee.

ODENSEE.

THE man whose heart is true and tried,
He may wander fearlessly;
Yet beware of the island of Funen,
And the valley of Odensee.

We stood on the bridge together
As the sunset faded wild,

And I heard the seaman's story
Of a wanderer beguiled.

As the stranger paced down the valley,
The mill-stream his footsteps laved,
The robin sang by the pathway,
And the green grass glittered and waved.

All murmured, "Though storm and destruction
In the whole wide world may be,
There is rest in this one low valley,
In the valley of Odensee."

How swiftly the hour of slumber
In the faint noontide was gone!
The robin sang o'er him in locust-boughs
And the mill-stream murmured on.

The dreams of a thousand years stole back
On his dreaming soul that day,
And dim, fair forms through the brookside woods
Went glimmering and waning away.

Ah! how his footsteps faltered,
When he rose from the wayside spell:
Ah! how the world seemed altered,
And how hushed the quiet dell!

As the wanderer went up the valley,
There were sad thoughts clung round his mind,
As the poplars clung on his pathway,
While their bright leaves sighed in the wind;

And he knew, ere he reached the hill-top,
He had left his soul behind.

It waved in the locust-blossom,
It gleamed in the poplar spray,
It sang in the robin's singing,
And it murmured, "Stay, O, stay!"

"The bees suck honey from the flower,
And the soft winds steal it from the bee,
And the honey of thy soul is drained away,
By this sweet air's luxury."

And as he went wandering onward,
His heart beat, ah! wearily,
And he looked, and looked, to the westward,
To the valley of Odensee.

His cheek grew whiter and thinner,
And his pulse ebbed day by day,
But he only looked to the westward,
Where the dream of his sick heart lay.

Like the mill-stream depths where the dark fish glance,
His dying eyes did seem,
But still they gazed to the westward,
And closed upon the dream.

Ah! sadly I heard the story,
For my full heart answered me,
There were spells in Merrimack valleys
As strong as in Odensee.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Rykdal.

THE DOLE OF JARL THORKELL.

THE land was pale with famine
And racked with fever-pain;
The frozen fiords were fishless,
The earth withheld her grain.

Men saw the boding Fylgja
Before them come and go,
And, through their dreams, the Urdar-moon
From west to east sailed slow!

Jarl Thorkell of Thevera
At Yule-time made his vow;
On Rykdal's holy Doom-stone
He slew to Frey his cow.

To bounteous Frey he slew her;
To Skuld, the younger Norn,
Who watches over birth and death,
He gave her calf unborn.

And his little gold-haired daughter
Took up the sprinkling-rod,
And smeared with blood the temple
And the wide lips of the god.

Hoarse below, the winter water
Ground its ice-blocks o'er and o'er;

Jets of foam, like ghosts of dead waves,
Rose and fell along the shore.

The red torch of the Jokul,
Aloft in icy space,
Shone down on the bloody Horg-stones
And the statue's carven face.

And closer round and grimmer
Beneath its baleful light
The Jotun shapes of mountains
Came crowding through the night.

The gray-haired Hersir trembled
As a flame by wind is blown;
A weird power moved his white lips,
And their voice was not his own!

"The Æsir thirst!" he muttered;
"The gods must have more blood
Before the tun shall blossom
Or fish shall fill the flood.

"The Æsir thirst and hunger,
And hence our blight and ban;
The mouths of the strong gods water
For the flesh and blood of man!

"Whom shall we give the strong ones?
Not warriors, sword on thigh;
But let the nursling infant
And bedrid old man die."

"So be it!" cried the young men,
"There needs nor doubt nor parle";
But, knitting hard his red brows,
In silence stood the Jarl.

A sound of woman's weeping
At the temple door was heard,
But the old men bowed their white heads,
And answered not a word.

Then the Dream-wife of Thingvalla,
A Vala young and fair,
Sang softly, stirring with her breath
The veil of her loose hair.

She sang: "The winds from Alfheim
Bring never sound of strife;
The gifts for Frey the meetest
Are not of death, but life.

"He loves the grass-green meadows,
The grazing kine's sweet breath;
He loathes your bloody Horg-stones,
Your gifts that smell of death."

"No wrong by wrong is righted,
No pain is cured by pain;
The blood that smokes from Doom-rings
Falls back in redder rain.

"The gods are what you make them,
As earth shall Asgard prove;

And hate will come of hating,
  And love will come of love.

"Make dole of skyr and black bread,
  That old and young may live;
And look to Frey for favor
  When first like Frey you give.

"Even now o'er Njord's sea-meadows
  The summer dawn begins;
The tun shall have its harvest,
  The fiord its glancing fins."

Then up and swore Jarl Thorkell:
  "By Gimli and by Hel,
O Vala of Thingvalla,
  Thou singest wise and well!

"Too dear the Æsir's favors
  Bought with our children's lives;
Better die than shame in living
  Our mothers and our wives.

"The full shall give his portion
  To him who hath most need;
Of curdled skyr and black bread,
  Be daily dole decreed."

He broke from off his neck-chain
  Three links of beaten gold;
And each man, at his bidding,
  Brought gifts for young and old.

Then mothers nursed their children,
And daughters fed their sires,
And Health sat down with Plenty
Before the next Yule fires.

The Horg-stones stand in Rykdal;
The Doom-ring still remains:
But the snows of a thousand winters
Have washed away the stains.

Christ ruleth now; the Æsir
Have found their twilight dim;
And, wiser than she dreamed, of old
The Vala sang of Him!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Svolder, the Island.

KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS.

"STRIKE the sails!" King Olaf said;
"Never shall men of mine take flight;
Never away from battle I fled,
Never away from my foes!
Let God dispose
Of my life in the fight!"

"Sound the horns!" said Olaf the King;
And suddenly through the drifting brume
The blare of the horns began to ring,

Like the terrible trumpet shock
Of Regnarock,
On the Day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns sang
Over the level floor of the flood;
All the sails came down with a clang,
And there in the mist overhead
The sun hung red
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet
Three together the ships were lashed,
So that neither should turn and retreat;
In the midst, but in front of the rest
The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,
With bow of ash and arrows of oak,
His gilded shield was without a fleck,
His helmet inlaid with gold,
And in many a fold
Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red
Watched the lashing of the ships;
"If the Serpent lie so far ahead,
We shall have hard work of it here,"
Said he with a sneer
On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,
"Have I a coward on board?" said he.
"Shoot it another way, O King!"
Sullenly answered Ulf,
The old sea-wolf;
"You have need of me!"

In front came Svend, the King of the Danes,
Sweeping down with his fifty rowers;
To the right, the Swedish king with his thanes;
And on board of the Iron Beard
Earl Eric steered
To the left with his oars.

"These soft Danes and Swedes," said the King,
"At home with their wives had better stay,
Than come within reach of my Serpent's sting:
But where Eric the Norseman leads
Heroic deeds
Will be done to-day!"

Then as together the vessels crashed,
Eric severed the cables of hide
With which King Olaf's ships were lashed,
And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,
Sharper the dragons bite and sting!
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl

A death-drink salt as the sea
Pledges to thee,
Olaf the King!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

EINAR TAMBERSKELVER.

IT was Einar Tamberskelver
Stood beside the mast;
From his yew-bow, tipped with silver,
Flew the arrows fast;
Aimed at Eric unavailing,
As he sat concealed,
Half behind the quarter-railing,
Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller,
Just above his head;
"Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller,"
Then Earl Eric said.
"Sing the song of Hakon dying,
Sing his funeral wail!"
And another arrow flying
Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,
As the arrow passed,
Said Earl Eric, "Shoot that bowman
Standing by the mast."
Sooner than the word was spoken
Flew the yeoman's shaft;

Einar's bow in twain was broken,
Einar only laughed.

"What was that?" said Olaf, standing
On the quarter-deck.
"Something heard I like the stranding
Of a shattered wreck."
Einar then, the arrow taking
From the loosened string,
Answered, "That was Norway breaking
From thy hand, O King!"

"Thou art but a poor diviner,"
Straightway Olaf said;
"Take my bow, and swifter, Einar,
Let thy shafts be sped."
Of his bows the fairest choosing,
Reached he from above;
Einar saw the blood-drops oozing
Through his iron-glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow;
At the first assay,
O'er its head he drew the arrow,
Flung the bow away;
Said, with hot and angry temper
Flushing in his cheek,
"Olaf! for so great a Kämper
Are thy bows too weak!"

Then, with smile of joy defiant
On his beardless lip,

Scaled he, light and self-reliant,
Eric's dragon-ship.
Loose his golden locks were flowing,
Bright his armor gleamed;
Like Saint Michael overthrowing
Lucifer he seemed.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK.

ALL day has the battle raged,
All day have the ships engaged,
But not yet is assuaged
The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,
The arrows of death are sped,
The ships are filled with the dead,
And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,
The grappling-irons are plied,
The boarders climb up the side,
The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah! never shall Norway again
See her sailors come back o'er the main;
They all lie wounded or slain,
Or asleep in the billows blue!

On the deck stands Olaf the King,
Around him whistle and sing

The spears that the foemen fling,
And the stones they hurl with their hands.

In the midst of the stones and the spears,
Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,
His shield in the air he uprears,
By the side of King Olaf he stands.

Over the slippery wreck
Of the Long Serpent's deck
Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,
His lips with anger are pale;

He hews with his axe at the mast,
Till it falls, with the sails overcast,
Like a snow-covered pine in the vast
Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,
He rushes aft with his men,
As a hunter into the den
Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

"Remember Jarl Hakon!" he cries;
When lo! on his wondering eyes,
Two kingly figures arise,
Two Olafs in warlike array!

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear
Of King Olaf a word of cheer,
In a whisper that none may hear,
With a smile on his tremulous lip;

Two shields raised high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,
Two scarlet meteors' glare,
And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats
Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,
And cry, from their hairy throats,
"See! it is Olaf the King!"

While far on the opposite side
Floats another shield on the tide,
Like a jewel set in the wide
Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,
How the King stripped off his mail,
Like leaves of the brown sea-kale,
As he swam beneath the main;

But the young grew old and gray,
And never, by night or by day,
In his kingdom of Norroway
Was King Olaf seen again!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Thurlston.

THE ERL-KING'S DAUGHTER.

SIR OLF rode fast towards Thurlston's walls,
To meet his bride in his father's halls.

He saw blue lights flit over the graves;
The elves came forth from their forest-caves.

They danced anear on the glossy strand,
And the Erl-King's Daughter held out her hand.

"O, welcome, Sir Olf, to our jubilee!
Step into the circle and dance with me."

"I dare not dance, I dare not stay;
To-morrow will be my nuptial-day."

"Two golden spurs will I give unto thee,
And I pray thee, Sir Olf, to tarry with me."

"I dare not tarry, I dare not delay,
To-morrow is fixed for my nuptial-day."

"Will give thee a shirt so white and fine,
Was bleached yestreen in the new moonshine."

"I dare not hearken to Elf or Fay;
To-morrow is fixed for my nuptial-day."

"A measure of gold will I give unto thee,
And I pray thee, Sir Olf, to dance with me."

"The measure of gold I will carry away,
But I dare not dance, and I dare not stay."

"Then, since thou wilt go, even go with a blight!
A true-lover's token I leave thee, Sir Knight."

She lightly struck with her wand on his heart,
And he swooned and swooned from the deadly smart.

She lifted him up on his coal-black steed;
"Now hie thee away with a fatal speed!"

Then shone the moon, and howled the wolf,
And the sheen and the howl awoke Sir Olf.

He rode over mead, he rode over moor,
He rode till he rode to his own house-door.

Within sate, white as the marble, his bride,
But his gray-haired mother stood watching outside.

"My son, my son, thou art haggard and wan;
Thy brow is the brow of a dying man."

"And haggard and wan I well may be,
For the Erl-King's Daughter hath wounded me."

"I pray thee, my son, dismount and bide:
There is mist on the eyes of thy pining bride."

"O mother, I should but drop dead from my steed;
I will wander abroad for the strength I need."

"And what shall I tell thy bride, my son,
When the morning dawns and the tiring is done?"

"O, tell my bride that I rode to the wood,
With my hound in leash and my hawk in hood."

When morning dawned with crimson and gray,
The bride came forth in her wedding array.

They poured out mead, they poured out wine:
"Now, where is thy son, O goldmother mine?"

"My son, golddaughter, rode into the wood,
With his hounds in leash and his hawk in hood."

Then the bride grew sick with an ominous dread,—
"O, woe is me, Sir Olf is dead."

She drooped like a lily that feels the blast,
She drooped, and drooped, till she died at last.

They rest in the charnel side by side,
The stricken Sir Olf and his faithful bride.

But the Erl-King's Daughter dances still,
When the moonlight sleeps on the frosted hill.

Johann Gottfried von Herder.
Tr. James Clarence Mangan.

Vordingborg.

KING VOLMER AND ELSIE.

WHERE, over heathen doom-rings and gray stones of the Horg,
In its little Christian city stands the church of Vordingborg,
In merry mood King Volmer sat, forgetful of his power,
As idle as the Goose of Gold that brooded on his tower.

Out spake the king to Henrik, his young and faithful squire:
"Dar'st trust thy little Elsie, the maid of thy desire?"
"Of all the men in Denmark she loveth only me;
As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is to thee."

Loud laughed the king: "To-morrow shall bring another day,
When I myself will test her; she will not say me nay."
Thereat the lords and gallants, that round about him stood,
Wagged all their heads in concert and smiled as courtiers should.

The gray lark sings o'er Vordingborg, and on the ancient town
From the tall tower of Valdemar the Golden Goose looks down:

The yellow grain is waving in the pleasant wind of morn,
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare of hunter's horn.

In the garden of her father little Elsie sits and spins,
And, singing with the early birds, her daily task begins.
Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls around her garden-bower,
But she is sweeter than the mint and fairer than the flower.

About her form her kirtle blue clings lovingly, and, white
As snow, her loose sleeves only leave her small, round wrists in sight;
Below the modest petticoat can only half conceal
The motion of the lightest foot that ever turned a wheel.

The cat sits purring at her side, bees hum in sunshine warm;
But, look! she starts, she lifts her face, she shades it with her arm.
And, hark! a train of horsemen, with sound of dog and horn,
Come leaping o'er the ditches, come trampling down the corn!

Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and scarf and plume streamed gay,
As fast beside her father's gate the riders held their way;

And one was brave in scarlet coat, with golden spur
on heel,
And, as he checked his foaming steed, the maiden
checked her wheel.

"All hail among thy roses, the fairest rose to me!
For weary months in secret my heart has longed for
thee!"
What noble knight was this? What words for modest
maiden's ear?
She dropped a lowly courtesy of bashfulness and fear.

She lifted up her spinning-wheel; she fain would seek
the door,
Trembling in every limb, her cheek with blushes crim-
soned o'er.
"Nay, fear me not," the rider said, "I offer heart and
hand,
Bear witness these good Danish knights who round about
me stand.

"I grant you time to think of this, to answer as you
may,
For to-morrow, little Elsie, shall bring another day."
He spake the old phrase slyly as, glancing round his
train,
He saw his merry followers seek to hide their smiles
in vain.

"The snow of pearls I 'll scatter in your curls of
golden hair,
I 'll line with furs the velvet of the kirtle that you wear;

All precious gems shall twine your neck; and in a
chariot gay
You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind four steeds of
gray.

"And harps shall sound, and flutes shall play, and
brazen lamps shall glow;
On marble floors your feet shall weave the dances to
and fro.
At frosty eventide for us the blazing hearth shall shine,
While, at our ease, we play at draughts, and drink
the blood-red wine."

Then Elsie raised her head and met her wooer face to
face;
A roguish smile shone in her eye and on her lip found
place.
Back from her low white forehead the curls of gold
she threw,
And lifted up her eyes to his, steady and clear and blue.

"I am a lowly peasant, and you a gallant knight;
I will not trust a love that soon may cool and turn
to slight.
If you would wed me henceforth be a peasant, not a
lord;
I bid you hang upon the wall your tried and trusty
sword."

"To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen Dynadel away,
And in its place will swing the scythe and mow your
father's hay."

"Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak my eyes can never
bear;
A Vadmal coat, so plain and gray, is all that you must
wear."

"Well, Vadmal will I wear for you," the rider gayly
spoke,
"And on the Lord's high altar I 'll lay my scarlet
cloak."
"But mark," she said, "no stately horse my peasant
love must ride,
A yoke of steers before the plough is all that he must
guide."

The knight looked down upon his steed: "Well, let
him wander free:
No other man must ride the horse that has been backed
by me.
Henceforth I 'll tread the furrow and to my oxen talk,
If only little Elsie beside my plough will walk."

"You must take from out your cellar cask of wine and
flask and can;
The homely mead I brew you may serve a peasant-man."
"Most willingly, fair Elsie, I 'll drink that mead of thine,
And leave my minstrel's thirsty throat to drain my gener-
ous wine."

"Now break your shield asunder, and shatter sign and
boss,
Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms, your knightly knee
across.

And pull me down your castle from top to basement wall,
And let your plough trace furrows in the ruins of your hall!"

Then smiled he with a lofty pride; right well at last he knew
The maiden of the spinning-wheel was to her troth-plight true.
"Ah, roguish little Elsie! you act your part full well:
You know that I must bear my shield and in my castle dwell!

"The lions ramping on that shield between the hearts aflame
Keep watch o'er Denmark's honor, and guard her ancient name.
For know that I am Volmer; I dwell in yonder towers.
Who ploughs them ploughs up Denmark, this goodly home of ours!

"I tempt no more, fair Elsie! your heart I know is true;
Would God that all our maidens were good and pure as you!
Well have you pleased your monarch, and he shall well repay;
God's peace! Farewell! To-morrow will bring another day!"

He lifted up his bridle hand, he spurred his good steed then,
And like a whirl-blast swept away with all his gallant men.

The steel hoofs beat the rocky path; again on winds of morn
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare of hunter's horn.

"Thou true and ever faithful!" the listening Henrik cried;
And, leaping o'er the green hedge, he stood by Elsie's side.
None saw the fond embracing, save, shining from afar,
The Golden Goose that watched them from the tower of Valdemar.

O darling girls of Denmark! of all the flowers that throng
Her vales of spring the fairest, I sing for you my song.
No praise as yours so bravely rewards the singer's skill;
Thank God! of maids like Elsie the land has plenty still!

Christian Winter. Tr. John Greenleaf Whittier.

ICELAND.

AMERICA TO ICELAND.

WE come, the children of thy Vinland,
The youngest of the world's high peers,
O land of steel, and song, and saga,
To greet thy glorious thousand years!

Across that sea the son of Erik
Dared with his venturous dragon's prow;
From shores where Thorfinn set thy banner,
Their latest children seek thee now.

Hail, mother-land of skalds and heroes,
By love of freedom hither hurled,
Fire in their hearts as in thy mountains,
And strength like thine to shake the world!

When war and ravage wrecked the nations,
The bird of song made thee her home;
The ancient gods, the ancient glory,
Still dwelt within thy shores of foam.

Here, as a fount may keep its virtue
While all the rivers turbid run,
The manly growth of deed and daring
Was thine beneath a scantier sun.

Set far apart, neglected, exiled,
Thy children wrote their runes of pride,
With power that brings, in this thy triumph,
The conquering nations to thy side.

What though thy native harps be silent,
The chord they struck shall ours prolong:
We claim thee kindred, call thee mother,
O land of saga, steel, and song!

Bayard Taylor.

ICELAND.

STRANGE Isle! a moment to poetic gaze
Rise in thy majesty of rocks and bays,
Glens, fountains, caves that seem not things of earth,
But the wild shapes of some prodigious birth;
As if the kraken monarch of the sea,
Wallowing abroad in his immensity,
By polar storms and lightning shafts assailed,
Wedged with ice-mountains, here had fought and failed;
Perished, — and in the petrifying blast,
His hulk became an island rooted fast; —
Rather, from ocean's dark foundation hurled,
Thou art a type of his mysterious world,
Buoyed on the desolate abyss, to show
What wonders of creation hide below.

Here Hecla's triple peaks, with meteor lights,
Nature's own beacons, cheer hibernal nights:
But when the orient flames in red array,
Like ghosts the spectral splendors flee the day;
Morn at her feet beholds supinely spread
The carcass of the old Chimera dead,
That wont to vomit flames and molten ore,
Now cleft asunder to the inmost core;
In smouldering heaps, wide wrecks and cinders strown,
Lie like the walls of Sodom overthrown
(Ere from the face of blushing Nature swept,
And where the city stood the Dead Sea slept);
While inaccessible, tradition feigns,
To human foot the guarded top remains,
Where birds of hideous shape and doleful note,
Fate's ministers, in livid vapors float.

Far off, amidst the placid sunshine, glow
Mountains with hearts of fire and crests of snow,
Whose blackened slopes with deep ravines entrenched,
Their thunders silenced, and their lightnings quenched,
Still the slow heat of spent eruptions breathe,
While embryo earthquakes swell their wombs beneath.

Hark! from yon caldron cave, the battle-sound
Of fire and water warring under ground:
Racked on the wheels of an ebullient tide,
Here might some spirit, fallen from bliss, abide, —
Such fitful wailings of intense despair,
Such emanating splendors, fill the air.
He comes, he comes; the infuriate Geyser springs

Up to the firmament on vapory wings;
With breathless awe the mounting glory view;
White whirling clouds his steep ascent pursue.
But lo! a glimpse; — refulgent to the gale,
He starts all naked through his riven veil;
A fountain-column, terrible and bright,
A living, breathing, moving form of light:
From central earth to heaven's meridian thrown,
The mighty apparition towers alone,
Rising, as though forever he could rise,
Storm and resume his palace in the skies,
All foam and turbulence and wrath below;
Around him beams the reconciling bow
(Signal of peace, whose radiant girdle binds,
Till nature's doom, the waters and the winds);
While mist and spray, condensed to sudden dews,
The air illumine with celestial hues,
As if the bounteous sun were raining down
The richest gems of his imperial crown.
In vain the spirit wrestles to break free,
Foot-bound to fathomless captivity;
A power unseen, by sympathetic spell
Forever working, to his flinty cell
Recalls him from the ramparts of the spheres:
He yields, collapses, lessens, disappears;
Darkness receives him in her vague abyss,
Around whose verge light froth and bubbles hiss,
While the low murmurs of the refluent tide
Far into subterranean silence glide,
The eye still gazing down the dread profound,
When the bent ear hath wholly lost the sound.

But is he slain and sepulchred? Again
The deathless giant sallies from his den,
Scales with recruited strength the ethereal walls,
Struggles afresh for liberty, — and falls.
Yes, and for liberty the fight renewed,
By day, by night, undaunted, unsubdued,
He shall maintain, till Iceland's solid base
Fail, and the mountains vanish from its face.

And can these fail? Of Alpine height and mould
Schapta's unshaken battlements behold;
His throne an hundred hills; his sun-crowned head
Resting on clouds; his robe of shadow spread
O'er half the isle; he pours from either hand
An unexhausted river through the land,
On whose fair banks, through valleys warm and green,
Cattle and flocks and homes and spires are seen.
Here Nature's earthquake-pangs were never felt;
Here in repose hath man for ages dwelt:
The everlasting mountain seems to say,
"I am, — and I shall never pass away."

Yet fifty winters, and, with huge uproar,
Thy pride shall perish; — thou shalt be no more!
Amidst chaotic ruins on the plain,
Those cliffs, these waters, shall be sought in vain!
Through the dim vista of unfolding years,
A pageant of portentous woe appears.
Yon rosy groups, with golden locks, at play,
I see them, — few, decrepit, silent, gray;
Their fathers all at rest beneath the sod,

Whose flowerless verdure marks the House of God,
Home of the living and the dead; — where meet
Kindred and strangers, in communion sweet,
When dawns the Sabbath on the block-built pile;
The kiss of peace, the welcome, and the smile
Go round; till comes the priest, a father there,
And the bell knolls his family to prayer:
Angels might stoop from thrones in heaven, to be
Co-worshippers in such a family,
Whom from their nooks and dells, where'er they roam,
The Sabbath gathers to their common home.
O, I would stand a keeper at this gate
Rather than reign with kings in guilty state;
A day in such serene enjoyment spent
Were worth an age of splendid discontent!
— But whither am I hurried from my theme?
Schapta returns on the prophetic dream.

From eve till morn strange meteors streak the pole;
At cloudless noon mysterious thunders roll,
As if below both shore and ocean hurled
From deep convulsions of the nether world:
Anon the river, boiling from its bed,
Shall leap its bounds and o'er the lowlands spread,
Then waste in exhalation, leaving void
As its own channel, utterly destroyed,
Fields, gardens, dwellings, churches, and their graves,
All wrecked or disappearing with the waves.
The fugitives that 'scape this instant death
Inhale slow pestilence with every breath;
Mephitic steams from Schapta's mouldering breast

With livid horror shall the air infest;
And day shall glare so foully on the sight,
Darkness were refuge from the curse of light.
Lo! far among the glaciers, wrapt in gloom,
The red precursors of approaching doom,
Scattered and solitary founts of fire,
Unlocked by hands invisible, aspire:
Erelong, more rapidly than eye can count,
Above, beneath, they multiply, they mount,
Converge, condense, — a crimson phalanx form,
And rage aloft in one unbounded storm;
From heaven's red roof the fierce reflections throw
A sea of fluctuating light below.
Now the whole army of destroyers, fleet
As whirlwinds, terrible as lightnings, meet;
The mountains melt like wax along their course,
When, downward pouring with resistless force
Through the void channel where the river rolled,
To ocean's verge their flaming march they hold;
While blocks of ice, and crags of granite rent,
Half-fluid ore, and rugged minerals blent,
Float on the gulf, till molten or immersed,
Or in explosive thunderbolts dispersed.
Thus shall the Schapta, towering on the brink
Of unknown jeopardy, in ruin sink;
And, this wild paroxysm of frenzy past,
At her own work shall Nature stand aghast.

James Montgomery.

ICELAND-MOSS TEA.

OLD even in boyhood, faint and ill,
And sleepless on my couch of woe,
I sip this beverage, which I owe
To geysers' depths and Hecla's hill.

In fields where ice lies layer on layer,
And lava hardens o'er the whole,
And the circle of the Arctic Pole
Looks forth on snow-crags ever bare;

Where fierce volcanic fires burn blue,
Through many a meteor-lighted night,
Mid springs that foam in boiling might,
These blandly bitter lichens grew.

Where from the mountain's furnace-lair,
From thousand smoke-enveloped cones,
Colossal blocks of red-hot stones
Are, night by night, uphurled in air

(Like blood-red saga-birds of yore),
While o'er the immeasurable snows
A sea of burning resin flows,
Bubbling like molten metal ore;

Where, from the jökuls to the strand,
The dimmed eye turns from smoke and steam

Only to track some sulphur-stream
That seethes along the blasted land;

Where clouds lie black on cinder-piles,
And all night long the lone seal moans,
As, one by one, the mighty stones
Fall echoing down on far-off isles;

Where, in a word, hills vomit flame,
And storms forever lash the sea, —
There sprang this bitter moss for me,
Thence this astringent potion came.

Yes! and my heart beats lightlier now,
My blood begins to dance along:
I now feel strong, — O, more than strong!
I feel transformed, I know not how.

The meteor-lights are in my brain, —
I see through smoke the desolate shore, —
The raging torrent sweeps once more
From Hecla's crater o'er the plain.

Deep in my breast the boiling springs
Beneath apparent ice are stirred, —
My thoughts are each a saga-bird,
With tongues of living flame for wings!

Ha! if this green beverage be
The chalice of my future life, —
If now, as in yon isle, the strife
Of snow and fire be born in me, —

O, be it thus! O, let me feel
The lava-flood in every vein!
Be mine the will that conquers pain,
The heart of rock, the nerves of steel!

O, let the flames that burn unfed
Within me wax until they glow,
Volcano-like, through even the snow
That in few years shall strew my head!

And, as the stones that Hecla sees
Flung up to heaven through fiery rain
Descend like thunderbolts again
Upon the distant Faröese,

So let the rude but burning rhymes
Cast from the caldron of my breast
Again fall flashing down, and rest
On human hearts in farthest climes!

Ferdinand Freiligrath. Tr. James Clarence Mangan.

THANGBRAND THE PRIEST.

SHORT of stature, large of limb,
Burly face and russet beard,
All the women stared at him,
When in Iceland he appeared.
"Look!" they said,

With nodding head,
"There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

All the prayers he knew by rote,
He could preach like Chrysostome,
From the Fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.
A learned clerk,
A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,
And impatient of control,
Boisterous in the market crowd,
Boisterous at the wassail-bowl,
Everywhere
Would drink and swear,
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

In his house this malcontent
Could the King no longer bear,
So to Iceland he was sent
To convert the heathen there,
And away,
One summer day,
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

There in Iceland o'er their books
Pored the people day and night,
But he did not like their looks,
Nor the songs they used to write.

"All this rhyme
Is waste of time!"
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,
Came the Scalds and Saga-men;
Is it to be wondered at
That they quarrelled now and then,
When o'er his beer
Began to leer
Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest?

All the folk in Altafiord
Boasted of their island grand;
Saying in a single word,
"Iceland is the finest land
That the sun
Doth shine upon!"
Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

And he answered: "What 's the use
Of this bragging up and down,
When three women and one goose
Make a market in your town?"
Every Scald
Satires scrawled
On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than that;
And what vexed him most of all
Was a figure in shovel hat,

Drawn in charcoal on the wall;
With words that go
Sprawling below,
"This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did,
Then he smote them might and main,
Thorvald Veile and Veterlid
Lay there in the alehouse slain.
"To-day we are gold,
To-morrow mould!"
Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,
Back to Norway sailed he then.
"O King Olaf! little hope
Is there of these Iceland men!"
Meekly said,
With bending head,
Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE KING'S WELCOME TO THINGVALLA.

WITH strong foot tread the holy ground,
Our snow-land's King, the lofty-hearted,
Who from thy royal home hast parted,
To greet these hills that guard us round!
Our Freedom's scroll thy hand hath lent us,
The first of kings whom God has sent us,
Hail! welcome to our country's heart!

Land's-father, here the Law-Mount view!
Behold God's works in all their vastness!
Where saw'st thou Freedom's fairer fastness,
With fire-heaved ramparts, waters blue?
Here sprang the sagas of our splendor:
Here every Iceland heart is tender:
God built this altar for his flock!

Here, as in thousand years of old,
Sound the same words, a voice unended,
As when their life and law defended
The spearmen with their shields of gold:
The same land yet the same speech giveth,
The ancient soul of Freedom liveth,
And hither, King, we welcome thee!

But now are past a thousand years,
As in the people's memory hoarded,
And in God's volume stand recorded
Their strife and trial, woes and fears;
Now let the hope of better ages
Be what thy presence, King! presages, —
Now let the prosperous time be sure!

Our land to thee her thanks shall yield,
A thousand years thy name be chanted,
Here, where the Hill of Law is planted,
'Twixt fiery fount and lava-field:
We pray All-Father, our dependence,
To bless thee and thy far descendants,
And those they rule, a thousand years!

Mathias Jokumsson. Tr. Bayard Taylor.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

INTRODUCTORY TO NORWAY.

KING OLUF THE SAINT.

KING OLUF and his brother bold
'Bout Norroway's rocks a parley hold.

"The one of the two who best can sail
Shall rule o'er Norroway's hill and dale.

"Who first of us reaches our native ground
O'er all the region shall king be crowned."

Then Harald Haardrode answer made:
"Ay, let it be done as thou hast said.

"But if I to-day must sail with thee,
Thou shalt change thy vessel, I swear, with me.

"For thou hast got the Dragon of speed;
I shall make with the Ox a poor figure indeed.

"The Dragon is swift as the clouds in chase;
The Ox, he moveth in lazy pace."

"Hear, Harald, what I have to say to thee,
What thou hast proposed well pleaseth me.

"If my ship in aught be better than thine,
I 'll readily, cheerfully, lend thee mine.

"Do thou the Dragon so sprightly take,
And I with the Ox will the journey make.

"But first to the church we 'll bend our way,
Ere our hand on sail or on oar we lay."

And into the church Saint Oluf trode,
His beautiful hair like the bright gold glowed.

But soon, out of breath, there came a man:
"Thy brother is sailing off fast as he can."

"Let them sail, my friend, who to sail may choose;
The word of our Lord we will not lose.

"The mass is the word of our blessed Lord.
Take water, ye swains, for our table board.

"We will sit at board, and the meat we will taste,
Then unto the sea-shore quietly haste."

Now down they all speed to the ocean-strand,
Where the Ox lay rocking before the land.

And speedily they to the ocean bore
The anchor, and cable, and sail, and oar.

Saint Oluf he stood on the prow when on board:
"Now forward, thou Ox, in the name of the Lord!"

He grappled the Ox by the horn so white:
"Hie now, as if thou went clover to bite!"

Then forward the Ox began to hie,
In his wake stood the billows boisterously.

He hallooed to the lad on the yard so high:
"Do we the Dragon of Harald draw nigh?"

"No more of the pomps of the world I see
Than the uppermost top of the good oak-tree.

"I see near the land of Norroway skim
Bright silken sails with a golden rim.

"I see 'neath Norroway's mountains proud
The Dragon bearing of sail a cloud.

"I see, I see, by Norroway's side,
The Dragon gallantly forward stride."

On the Ox's ribs a blow he gave:
"Now faster, now faster, over the wave!"

He struck the Ox on the eye with force:
"To the haven much speedier thou must course."

Then forward the Ox began to leap,
No sailor on deck his stand could keep.

Then cords he took, and his mariners fast
He tied to the vessel's rigging and mast.

'T was then, 't was then, the steersman cried:
"But who shall now the vessel guide?"

His little gloves off Saint Oluf throws,
And to stand himself by the rudder he goes.

"O, we will sail o'er cliff and height,
The nearest way, like a line of light!"

So o'er the hills and dales they career,
To them they became like water clear.

So they sailed along o'er the mountains blue,
Then out came running the Elfin crew.

"Who sails o'er the gold in which we joy?
Our ancient father who dares annoy?"

"Elf, turn to stone, and a stone remain
Till I by this path return again!"

So they sailed o'er Skaaney's mountains tall,
And stones became the little Elves all.

Out came a Carline with spindle and rock:
"Saint Oluf! why sailest thou us to mock?

"Saint Oluf, thou who the red beard hast!
Through my chamber wall thy ship hath passed."

With a glance of scorn did Saint Oluf say:
"Stand there a flint-rock forever and aye."

Unhindered, unhindered, they bravely sailed on,
Before them yielded both stock and stone.

Still onward they sailed in such gallant guise,
That no man upon them could fasten his eyes.

Saint Oluf a bow before his knee bent,
Behind the sail dropped the shaft that he sent.

From the stern Saint Oluf a barb shot free,
Behind the Ox fell the shaft in the sea.

Saint Oluf he trusted in Christ alone,
And therefore first home by three days he won.

And that made Harald with fury storm,
Of a laidly dragon he took the form.

But the Saint was a man of devotion full,
And the Saint got Norroway's land to rule.

Into the church Saint Oluf trode,
He thanked the Saviour in fervent mood.

Saint Oluf walked the church about,
There shone a glory his ringlets out.

Whom God doth help makes bravely his way,
His enemies win both shame and dismay.

Anonymous.

SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGER.

THE sun is rising dimly red,
The wind is wailing low and dread;
From his cliff the eagle sallies,
Leaves the wolf his darksome valleys;
In the midst the ravens hover,
Peep the wild dogs from the cover,
Screaming, croaking, baying, yelling,
Each in his wild accents telling,

"Soon we feast on dead and dying,
Fair-haired Harold's flag is flying."

Many a crest on air is streaming,
Many a helmet darkly gleaming,
Many an arm the axe uprears,
Doomed to hew the wood of spears.
All along the crowded ranks
Horses neigh and armor clanks;
Chiefs are shouting, clarions ringing,
Louder still the bard is singing,
"Gather footmen, gather horsemen,
To the field, ye valiant Norsemen!

"Halt ye not for food or slumber,
View not vantage, count not number;
Jolly reapers, forward still,
Grow the crop on vale or hill,
Thick or scattered, stiff or lithe,
It shall down before the scythe.
Forward with your sickles bright,
Reap the harvest of the fight. —
Onward footmen, onward horsemen,
To the charge, ye gallant Norsemen!

"Fatal choosers of the slaughter,
O'er you hovers Odin's daughter;
Hear the choice she spreads before ye, —
Victory and wealth and glory;
Or old Valhalla's roaring hail,
Her ever-circling mead and ale,

Where for eternity unite
The joys of wassail and of fight.
Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,
Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen."

Sir Walter Scott.

A NORWEGIAN POPULAR SONG.

TO Norway, mother of the brave,
We crown the cup of pleasure,
And dream our freedom come again,
And grasp the vanished treasure.
When once the mighty task 's begun,
The glorious race is swift to run.

Drink to the children of the rocks,
To Norway's honest bosoms!
For him alone who breaks our chains
Our wreath of glory blossoms;
And when did mountain-youth deny
For Norway's cause to live and die?

One glass to faith and friendship flows,
One to Norwegia's daughters;
Drink each the girl his heart adores,
And shame on him who palters!
Shame on the wretch who welcomes chains,
And woman, wine, and song disdains.

Drink to Norway's hills sublime,
Rocks, snows, and glens profound;

"Success!" her thousand echoes cry,
And thank us with the sound.
Old Dofra mingles with our glee,
And joins our shouts with three times three.

Johan Nordahl Brun. Tr. William Sidney Walker.

NORWAY.

I DO confess
I love Old Norway's bleak, tremendous hills,
Where winter sits, and sees the summer burn
In valleys deeper than yon cloud is high:
I love the ocean-arms that gleam and foam
So far within the bosom of the land:
It is not that. I do confess to thee
I love the frank, brave habit of the folk,
The hearts unspoiled, though fed from ruder times
And filled with angry blood: I love the tales
That taught, the ancient songs that cradled me,
The tongue my mother spake, unto the Lord
As sweet as thine upon the lips of prayer.

Bayard Taylor.

THE NORSEMAN'S RIDE.

THE frosty fires of Northern starlight
Gleamed on the glittering snow,
And through the forest's frozen branches
The shrieking winds did blow;

A floor of blue, translucent marble
Kept ocean's pulses still,
When, in the depth of dreary midnight,
Opened the burial hill.

Then while a low and creeping shudder
Thrilled upward through the ground,
The Norseman came, as armed for battle,
In silence from his mound:
He who was mourned in solemn sorrow
By many a swordsman bold,
And harps that wailed along the ocean,
Struck by the Skalds of old.

Sudden, a swift and silver shadow
Rushed up from out the gloom, —
A horse that stamped with hoof impatient,
Yet noiseless, on the tomb.
"Ha, Surtur! let me hear thy tramping,
Thou noblest Northern steed,
Whose neigh along the stormy headlands
Bade the bold Viking heed!"

He mounted: like a north-light streaking
The sky with flaming bars,
They, on the winds so wildly shrieking,
Shot up before the stars.
"Is this thy mane, my fearless Surtur,
That streams against my breast?
Is this thy neck, that curve of moonlight,
Which Helva's hand caressed?

"No misty breathing strains thy nostril,
Thine eye shines blue and cold,
Yet, mounting up our airy pathway,
I see thy hoofs of gold!
Not lighter o'er the springing rainbow
Walhalla's gods repair,
Than we, in sweeping journey over
The bending bridge of air.

"Far, far around, star-gleams are sparkling
Amid the twilight space;
And Earth, that lay so cold and darkling,
Has veiled her dusky face.
Are those the Nornes that beckon onward
To seats at Odin's board,
Where nightly by the hands of heroes
The foaming mead is poured?

"'T is Skuld! her star-eye speaks the glory
That waits the warrior's soul,
When on its hinge of music opens
The gateway of the Pole, —
When Odin's warder leads the hero
To banquets never done,
And Freya's eyes outshine in summer
The ever-risen sun.

"On! on! the Northern lights are streaming
In brightness like the morn,
And pealing far amid the vastness,
I hear the Gjallarhorn:

The heart of starry space is throbbing
With songs of minstrels old,
And now, on high Walhalla's portal,
Gleam Surtur's hoofs of gold!"

Bayard Taylor.

OLD NORWAY.

A MOUNTAIN WAR-SONG.

"To a Norwegian the words *Gamle Norge* (Old Norway) have a spell in them immediate and powerful; they cannot be resisted. *Gamle Norge* is heard, in an instant, repeated by every voice; the glasses are filled, raised, and drained, — not a drop is left; and then bursts forth the simultaneous chorus '*For Norge!*' the national song of Norway. Here (at Christiansand), and in a hundred other instances in Norway, I have seen the character of a company entirely changed by the chance introduction of the expression *Gamle Norge*. The gravest discussion is instantly interrupted; and one might suppose for the moment that the party was a party of patriots, assembled to commemorate some national anniversary of freedom." — DERWENT CONWAY'S *Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway and Sweden.*

ARISE! Old Norway sends the word
Of battle on the blast;
Her voice the forest pines hath stirred,
As if a storm went past;
Her thousand hills the call have heard,
And forth their fire flags cast.

Arm, arm, free hunters! for the chase,
The kingly chase of foes!
'T is not the bear or wild wolf's race
Whose trampling shakes the snows:

Arm, arm! 't is on a nobler trace
The northern spearman goes.

Our hills have dark and strong defiles,
With many an icy bed;
Heap there the rocks for funeral piles
Above the invader's head!
Or let the seas, that guard our isles,
Give burial to his dead!

Felicia Hemans.

NORWAY.

WINTER has its icy crown
Pressed round Norway's temples hoary;
Midnight's sun has poured down
On her head its glory.

Time's white waves their power broke
'Gainst her ancient rocks and bowlders;
Ocean has its misty cloak
Thrown around her shoulders.

But when ice-enthroned pole
Blows the mantling mist asunder,
Far the gloom-fraught pine-woods roll
Sun-enriched thereunder.

And when easeful Summer sinks
O'er the lucid fjords and valleys,
Bursts the wood-lake's wintry links
And the lily's chalice,—

O, what throbbing life aglow!
O, how fair the birch and willow,
And the gulls, that drift like snow
O'er the rippling billow!

Giant-like the glacier looms,
Seaward throws its branches mazy;
And on Winter's bosom blooms
Fearlessly the daisy.

And the wild bright peaks that shine
Through the clouds that veil their bosom,
At whose foot, mid birch and pine,
Fresh-lipped lilies blossom.

In the airy bath of morn
Gleams the fjord-like snow-cool river,
While the cloud-shades, fancy-born,
On its mirror quiver.

Here it was where Frithjof gay
Wooed King Belé's fair-haired daughter;
Here she sang the sweet, sad lay
Which her love had taught her.

Hence those Vikings sprung whose sword
Waked the South from idle dalliance;
Who in Vineland's rivers moored
Dauntlessly their galleons.

Now, alas! that age hath fled,
Fled the spirit that upbore it.

Ah, but still doth midnight shed
Flaming splendor o'er it.

And that fame which curbed the sea,
Spanned the sky with runes of fire,
Now but rustles tremblingly
Through the poet's lyre.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

NORWAY.

Angvalds-ness.

THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS.

NOW from all King Olaf's farms
His men-at-arms
Gathered on the Eve of Easter;
To his house at Angvalds-ness
Fast they press,
Drinking with the royal feaster.

Loudly through the wide-flung door
Came the roar
Of the sea upon the Skerry;
And its thunder loud and near
Reached the ear,
Mingling with their voices merry.

"Hark!" said Olaf to his Scald,
Halfred the Bald,
"Listen to that song and learn it!

Half my kingdom would I give,
As I live,
If by such songs you would earn it!

"For of all the runes and rhymes
Of all times,
Best I like the ocean's dirges,
When the old harper heaves and rocks,
His hoary locks
Flowing and flashing in the surges!"

Halfred answered: "I am called
The Unappalled!
Nothing hinders me or daunts me.
Hearken to me, then, O King,
While I sing
The great Ocean Song that haunts me."

"I will hear your song sublime
Some other time,"
Says the drowsy monarch, yawning,
And retires; each laughing guest
Applauds the jest;
Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Pacing up and down the yard,
King Olaf's guard
Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping
O'er the sands, and up the hill,
Gathering still
Round the house where they were sleeping.

It was not the fog he saw,
Nor misty flaw,
That above the landscape brooded;
It was Eyvind Kallda's crew
Of warlocks blue
With their caps of darkness hooded!

Round and round the house they go,
Weaving slow
Magic circles to encumber
And imprison in their ring
Olaf the King,
As he helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapors dun
The Easter sun
Streamed with one broad track of splendor!
In their real forms appeared
The warlocks weird,
Awful as the Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared,
They groped and stared
Round about with steps unsteady;
From his window Olaf gazed,
And, amazed,
"Who are these strange people?" said he.

"Eyvind Kallda and his men!"
Answered then
From the yard a sturdy farmer;

While the men-at-arms apace
Filled the place,
Busily buckling on their armor.

From the gates they sallied forth,
South and north,
Scoured the island coast around them,
Seizing all the warlock band,
Foot and hand
On the Skerry's rocks they bound them.

And at eve the king again
Called his train,
And, with all the candles burning,
Silent sat and heard once more
The sullen roar
Of the ocean tides returning.

Shrieks and cries of wild despair
Filled the air,
Growing fainter as they listened;
Then the bursting surge alone
Sounded on;—
Thus the sorcerers were christened!

"Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,
Your ocean-rhyme,"
Cried King Olaf: "it will cheer me!"
Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,
"The Skerry of Shrieks
Sings too loud for you to hear me!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Dovre-Fjeld.

ST. OLAF'S FOUNTAIN.

LIKE a ball of blood-red fire
Sinks the sun o'er forests sleeping,
Wondrously in splendor steeping
Glaciers far with cloud-capt spire.

Leaning on his stalwart steed,
Stands King Olaf, sad and weary;
Loath to view the ruins dreary,
Whereon flames exulting feed.

Still and sultry is the night;—
Not a rustle in the rushes,
Not a breeze to stir the bushes
With its fugitive delight.

Dry and thirsty lies the land;
Where erewhile the cooling current
Traced its courses, gay and errant,
Glimmers now the sun-bleached sand.

Far and near resounds the air
With the low of homeless cattle;
O'er the bloody field of battle
Throws the sun its lurid glare.

From below, a muffled ring,
Like the far, unceasing dirges
Of the faintly murmuring surges,
From his musing wakes the king;

And a vast and weary throng —
Peasants, armed with scythes, and brawny
Spearmen, clad in wolf-skins tawny —
Slowly wind the hills along.

Spoke a warrior grave and hoar,
To the king his voice uplifted:
"Tossed and vanquished we have drifted,
Saintly king, unto thy shore.

"We have cried to Thor and Frey;
But our gods no more are near us,
Wrathful Thor no more will hear us.
Give us water ere we die!

"We have heard that Christ the White
Hath a balm for each disaster.
We will worship him, O master,
Who our armies put to flight."

Then with holy zeal aglow,
With the power of strong believing,
Swift the king his sword upheaving,
Smote the barren mountain's brow.

Into splinters sprang the sword;
And the mountain's ancient giant
Roused its echoes, fierce, defiant,
As if mocking Christ the Lord.

Ah! but from the earth's deep breast
Came no bubbling fountain bursting;

And the barren land lay thirsting,
With its heavy doom oppressed.

Rose a peasant then, and said,
Chuckling with a cunning, low laugh:
"Now we know, forsooth, King Olaf,
Still is ancient Thor not dead."

Fierce the royal warriors frowned.
"Slay the wretch!" they shouted wildly.
But the king rebuked them mildly;
Low he knelt upon the ground.

Grave and silent stood the throng,
While he prayed with deep contrition:
"Lord, O, save them from perdition;
I am weak, but thou art strong."

And his tears fell hot and fast;
Waked to life the barren mountain;
Upward sprang a bubbling fountain,
Rushing o'er the sun-bleached waste.

Now is sheathed King Olaf's sword;
But the cross his zeal hath planted
In our land stands bright, undaunted,
Gleaming over dale and fjord.

And his fountain pure and clear
Mid the drooping alder bushes
Still with joyous cadence gushes,
Fresh, unchanged, from year to year.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

Drontheim (Trondhjem).

KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS.

AT Drontheim, Olaf the King
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring,
As he sat in his banquet-hall,
Drinking the nut-brown ale,
With his bearded Berserks hale
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts
He held with Bishops and Priests,
And his horn filled up to the brim;
But the ale was never too strong,
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,
For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign
He made of the cross divine,
As he drank, and muttered his prayers;
But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor
Over theirs.

The gleams of the firelight dance
Upon helmet and hauberk and lance,
And laugh in the eyes of the King;
And he cries to Halfred the Scald,

Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,
"Sing!"

"Sing me a song divine,
With a sword in every line,
And this shall be thy reward."
And he loosened the belt at his waist,
And in front of the singer placed
His sword.

"Quern-biter of Hakon the Good,
Wherewith at a stroke he hewed
The millstone through and through,
And Foot-breadth of Thoralf the Strong,
Were neither so broad nor so long,
Nor so true."

Then the Scald took his harp and sang,
And loud through the music rang
The sound of that shining word;
And the harp-strings a clangor made,
As if they were struck with the blade
Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about
Broke forth into a shout
That made the rafters ring:
They smote with their fists on the board,
And shouted, "Long live the Sword,
And the King!"

But the King said, "O my son,
I miss the bright word in one

Of thy measures and thy rhymes."
And Halfred the Scald replied,
"In another 't was multiplied
Three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, "Do not refuse;
Count well the gain and the loss,
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross:
Choose!"

And Halfred the Scald said, "This
In the name of the Lord I kiss,
Who on it was crucified!"
And a shout went round the board,
"In the name of Christ the Lord,
Who died!"

Then over the waste of snows
The noonday sun uprose,
Through the driving mists revealed,
Like the lifting of the Host,
By incense-clouds almost
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast
And shadowy cross was cast
From the hilt of the lifted sword,
And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank "Was-hael!
To the Lord!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT.

SAFE at anchor in Drontheim bay
King Olaf's fleet assembled lay,
And, striped with white and blue,
Downward fluttered sail and banner,
As alights the screaming lanner; —
Lustily cheered, in their wild manner,
The Long Serpent's crew.

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red;
Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,
His teeth as large and white;
His beard, of gray and russet blended,
Round as a swallow's nest descended;
As standard-bearer he defended
Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,
Like the King in garb and face,
So gallant and so hale;
Every cabin-boy and varlet
Wondered at his cloak of scarlet;
Like a river, frozen and star-lit,
Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark,
Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,
A figure gaunt and grand;
On his hairy arm imprinted

Was an anchor azure-tinted;
Like Thor's hammer, huge and dinted
Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare
To the winds his golden hair,
By the mainmast stood;
Graceful was his form, and slender,
And his eyes were deep and tender
As a woman's in the splendor
Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork
Watched the sailors at their work:
Heavens! how they swore!
Thirty men they each commanded,
Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,
Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,
Tugging at the oar.

These, and many more like these,
With King Olaf sailed the seas,
Till the waters vast
Filled them with a vague devotion,
With the freedom and the motion,
With the roll and roar of ocean
And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,
How they roared through Drontheim's street,
Boisterous as the gale!

How they laughed and stamped and pounded,
Till the tavern roof resounded,
And the host looked on astounded
As they drank the ale!

Never saw the wild North Sea
Such a gallant company
Sail its billows blue!
Never, while they cruised and quarrelled,
Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth Harald,
Owned a ship so well apparelled,
Boasted such a crew!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Frederickshall.

PETER COLBIORNSEN.

'FORE Fredereksteen King Carl he lay
With mighty host;
But Frederekshal, from day to day,
Much trouble cost.
To seize the sword each citizen
His tools let fall,
And valiant Peter Colbiornsen
Was first of all.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

'Gainst Frederekshal so fierce and grim
Turned Carl his might,
The citizens encountered him
In numbers slight;
But, ah! they fought like Northern men
For much-loved land,
And it was Peter Colbiornsen
That led the band.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Such heavy blows the Norsemen deal
Amid the foe,
Like ripe corn 'fore the reaper's steel
The Swedes sink low.
But sturdiest reaper weary will;
So happed it here:
Though many the Norwegians kill,
More, more appear.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Before superior force they flew,
As Norsemen fly,
They but retired, the fight anew
Unawed to ply.
Now o'er the bodies of his slain
His way Carl makes;
He thinks he has the city ta'en,
But he mistakes.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

A speedy death his soldiers found
Where'er they came;

For Norse were posted all around,
And greeted them.
Then Carl he sent, but sorely vexed,
To Frederecksteen,
And begged that he might bury next
His slaughtered men.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

"No time, no time to squander e'er
Have Norsemen bold,
He came self-bidden 'mongst us here,"
Thus Carl was told;
"If we can drive him back again,
We now must try,"
And it was Peter Colbiornsen
Made that reply.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Lo! from the town the flames outburst,
High-minded men!
And he who fired his house the first
Was Colbiornsen.
Eager to quench the fire, the foes
Make quick resort,
But bullets fell as fast as snows
Down from the fort.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Now rose the flames toward the sky,
Red, terrible;
His heroes' death the king thereby
Could see right well.

Sir Peter's word he then made good,
His host retires;
But in his path the steen it stood,
And on him fires.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Magnificent midst corse and blood
Glowed Frederekshal;
Illumed its own men's courage proud,
And Swedesmen fall.
Whoe'er saw pile funereal flame
So bright as then?
Sure never shall expire thy name,
O Colbiornsen!
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Knud Lyne Rahbek. Tr. Anon.

Graven, the Lake.

LAKE GRAVEN.

THE fields were reaped; the longer shadows thrown
From high Hardanger and the eastern range
Began to chill the vales: it was the time
When on the meadow by the lonely lake
Of Graven, from the regions round about
The young men met to hold their wrestling-match,
As since the days of Olaf they had done.

There, too, the maids came and the older folk,
Delighting in the grip of strength and skill,
The strain of sinew, stubbornness of joint,
And urge of meeting muscles. All the place
Was thronged, and loud the cheers and laughter rang
When some old champion from a rival vale
Bent before fresher arms, and from his base
Wrenched ere he knew, fell heavily to earth.
Until the sun across the fir-trees laid
His lines of level gold, they watched the bouts;
Then strayed by twos and threes toward the sound
Of wassail in the houses and the booths.

And Brita with her Ulvik gossips went.
Once only, when a Lærdal giant brought
Sore grief upon the men of Vik, she saw
Or seemed to see, beyond the stormy ring,
The shape of Lars; but, scarce disquieted
If it were he, or if the twain were there,
(Since blood, she thought, must surely cool in time,)
She followed to the house upon the knoll
Where ever came and went, like bees about
Their hive's low doorway, groups of merry folk.
A mellow dusk already filled the room;
The chairs were pushed aside, and on the stove,
As on a throne of painted clay, sat Nils.
Behold! Lars waited there; and as she reached
The inner circle round the dancing-floor
He moved to meet her, and began to say
"Thanks for the last" — when from the other side
Strode Per.

The two before her, face to face,
Stared at each other: Brita looked at them.
All three were pale; and she, with faintest voice,
Remembering counsel of the tongues unkind,
Could only breathe: "I know not how to choose."
"No need!" said Lars: "I choose for you," said Per.
Then both drew off and threw aside their coats,
Their broidered waistcoats, and the silken scarves,
About their necks; but Per growled "All!" and made
His body bare to where the leathern belt
Is clasped between the breast-bone and the hip.
Lars did the same; then, setting tight the belts,
Both turned a little: the low daylight clad
Their forms with awful fairness, beauty now
Of life, so warm and ripe and glorious, yet
So near the beauty terrible of Death.
All saw the mutual sign, and understood;
And two stepped forth, two men with grizzled hair
And earnest faces, grasped the hooks of steel
In either's belt, and drew them breast to breast,
And in the belts made fast each other's hooks.
An utter stillness on the people fell
While this was done; each face was stern and strange,
And Brita, powerless to turn her eyes,
Heard herself cry, and started: "Per, O Per!"

When those two backward stepped, all saw the flash
Of knives, the lift of arms, the instant clench
Of hands that held and hands that strove to strike:
All heard the sound of quick and hard-drawn breath,
And naught beside; but sudden red appeared,

Splashed on the white of shoulders and of arms.
Then, thighs intwined, and all the body's force
Called to the mixed resistance and assault,
They reeled and swayed, let go the guarding clutch,
And struck out madly. Per drew back, and aimed
A deadly blow, but Lars embraced him close,
Reached o'er his shoulder and from underneath
Thrust upward, while upon his ribs the knife,
Glancing, transfixed the arm. A gasp was heard:
The struggling limbs relaxed; and both, still bound
Together, fell upon the bloody floor.

Some forward sprang, and loosed, and lifted them
A little; but the head of Per hung back,
With lips apart and dim blue eyes unshut,
And all the passion and the pain were gone
Forever. "Dead!" a voice exclaimed; then she,
Like one who stands in darkness, till a blaze
Of blinding lightning paints the whole broad world,
Saw, burst her stony trance, and with a cry
Of love and grief and horror, threw herself
Upon his breast, and kissed his passive mouth,
And loud lamented: "O, too late I know
I love thee best, my Per, my sweetheart Per!
Thy will was strong, thy ways were masterful;
I did not guess that love might so command!
Thou wert my ruler: I resisted thee,
But blindly: O, come back! — I will obey."

Bayard Taylor.

Guldbrandsdal.

THORALF AND SYNNÖV.

O, HAVE you been in Guldbrands-Dale, where Laagen's mighty flood
Chants evermore its stirring strain unto the listening wood?
And have you seen the evening sun on those bright glaciers glow,
When valleyward it shoots and darts like shafts from elfin bow?

Have you beheld the maidens, when the saeter path they tread,
With the ribbons in their sunny hair and the milk-pails on their head?
And have you heard the fiddles, when they strike the lusty dance?
Then you have heard of Synnöv Houg, and of myself perchance.

For Synnöv Houg is lissome as the limber willow spray,
And when you think you hold her fast, and she is yours for aye,
Then like the airy blow-ball that dances o'er the lea,
She gently through your fingers slips, and lightly floateth free.

Then it was last St. John's Eve, — I remember it so
well, —
And we had lit a bonfire in a grass-grown little dell;
And all the lads and maidens were seated in a ring,
And some were telling stories, while the rest were lis-
tening.

Till up sprang little Synnöv, and she sang a stave as
clear
As the skylark's earliest greeting in the morning of
the year;
And I, — I hardly knew myself, but up they saw me
dart,
For every note of Synnöv's stave went straight unto
my heart.

And like the rushing currents, that from the glaciers
flow,
And down into the sunny bays their icy waters throw,
So streamed my heavy bass-notes through the forests
far and wide,
And Synnöv's treble rocked like a feather on the tide.

"And little Synnöv," sang I, "thou art good and very
fair";
"And little Thoralf," sang she, "of what you say,
beware!"
"My fairest Synnöv," quoth I, "my heart was ever
thine,
My homestead and my goodly farm, my herds of lowing
kine."

"O Thoralf, dearest Thoralf, if that your meaning be, —
If your big heart can hold such a little thing as me,
Then — I shall truly tell you if e'er I want a man,
And — you are free to catch me, handsome Thoralf, —
if you can."

And down the hillside ran she, where the tangled thicket weaves
A closely latticed bower with its intertwining leaves.
And through the coppice skipped she, light-footed as a hare,
And with her merry laughter rang the forests far and near.

And whenever I beheld little Synnöv all that year,
She fled from my sight as from hunter's shaft the deer.
I lay awake full half the nights, and knew not what to do,
For I loved little Synnöv so tenderly and true.

Then 't was a summer even up in the birchen glen,
I sat listening to the cuckoo and the twitter of the wren;
And suddenly above me rang out a silver voice;
It rose above the twittering birds and o'er the river's noise.

There sat my little love, where the rocks had made a seat,
And the crimson-tipped flowerets grew all around her feet,
And on her yellow locks clung a tiny roguish hood;
Its edge was made of swan's-down, but the cloth was red as blood.

And noiselessly behind her I had stolen through the copse;
I cursed the restless birch-trees when they waved their rustling tops.
Full merrily my heart beat; then forth I leapt in haste,
And flung a slender birch-bough around the maiden's waist.

She blushed and she fluttered, then turned away to run;
But straight into my sturdy arms I caught the little one.
I put her gently down in the heather at my side,
Where the crimson-tipped flowerets the rocky ledges hide.

And as the prisoned birdling, when he knows his cage full well,
Pours forth his silver-toned voice, and naught his mirth can quell,
So little Synnöv, striving in vain my hold to flee,
Turned quick on me her roguish eyes and laughed full heartily.

"My little Synnöv," said I, "if I remember right,
'T was something that you promised me a year ago to-night."
Then straight she stayed her laughter, and full serious she grew,
And whispered: "Little Thoralf, you promised something too."

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

Hardanger.

HARDANGER-FJELD.

IF a spot on earth be found
Where, responsive to the alluring
Voice of nature so beguiling,
Grief will cease to be enduring;
Where grim hate will cease reviling;
Where the baleful bent to sinning,
Passions base and soul-immuring,
Are laid powerless and bound
By the mere sight of the winning
Charms of landscape, by the thought
Of His presence who has made
Earth in all her charms arrayed;
And by the delicious feeling
Of the peace the scene 's revealing,
As if hill and dale had caught
Glories from that place where never
Aught is known of strife and clangor,—
Then that spot must be forever
In fair, beautiful Hardanger.

If a spot on earth there be
Where the godless, that may stray
Thither, instantly will cower
In profound humility;
Where remorse, awe of God's anger,

Feel the great Creator's power,
But no longer are a prey
On the heart's new-born endeavor, —
Then that spot must be forever
In fair, beautiful Hardanger.

If a spot on earth there be
Where two foes, each other meeting,
Will exchange a friendly greeting,
Cease their animosity,
Each a hand of truce extending,
Each an arm the other lending,
Conquered by the soothing balm
In the scene's sweet, holy calm;
Where conceit and vain assurance
Would have but a short endurance;
Where a man, intent on spoil,
Would stop short, 'shamed of approaching,
As if fearful of encroaching
In a consecrated soil; —
Where all nature speaks to thee:
Snow-crowned mountain, e'er appearing
Like a hoary great-grandfather,
Round whom loving children gather;
Sunny glen, with its endearing
Voice so soft and motherly;
Crystal stream, the bosom warming
With its song of days that never
Lose their place in memory, —
O, that spot must be forever
In Hardanger, fair and charming.

If there be a place so blest,
Where from lovely flower-clad valley
Blue alps rear their silvery crest
Towards heaven majestically;
Where near glaciers you may see
Blossoming the apple-tree,
Whilst wild roses gayly grow
In a patch of lingering snow;
Where a brook begins its song
In a voice first unpretending,
Babbling onwards musically
Through its own sweet little valley,
Then its voice in compass mending,
Rushes eagerly along,
All ambition to be lending
Its charms to the greater valley,
And — like David, of whom Holy
Scripture says he rose to be,
By his harp's sweet minstrelsy,
Monarch from a shepherd lowly —
Thunders on majestically
Through its fair domain, the valley, —
Ay, where is there such a place?
Grandeur, majesty, and grace
In harmonious combination:
Where from snow-clad mountain-tops
Spread in graceful undulation
Lines of meadow-land and copse;
Where the slopes that like a cord
Bind the mountain to the fjord,
Glide out in soft capes, surrounded

With festoons of green that lave
Their bright fringes in the wave,
Looking as if half-way bounded
In their progress to get o'er
To the other sylvan shore;
And where, from behind the screen
Of a birchwood may be seen
Peeping out a cottage lowly,
The light smoke from it ascending
To the scene the appearance lending
Of an offering sweet and holy, —
O, where find you so much grace,
Such exemption from all clangor,
Such retreats, such harmless ways?
Say, where is there such a place
But in beautiful Hardanger?

Henrik Wergeland. Tr. John A. Dahl.

A BRIDAL PARTY ON THE HARDANGER-FJORD.

THERE quivers a glittering summer air
Warm o'er Hardanger Fjord's fountains,
Where high 'gainst the heavens, so blue and bare,
Are towering the mighty mountains;
The glacier shines bright,
The hillside is green,
The people are clad in their Sunday clothes clean;
For look! o'er the blue billows rowing,
The wedding-folks home are going.

A beautiful princess from times of old,
With crown and with scarlet and crimson,
Sits high on the boat-stern so fair to behold,
Than fjord and the daylight more winsome.
The hat of the bridegroom, how happy it flies!
For home he is bringing his loveliest prize;
He sees in her eyes reflected
The hopes of his life perfected.

Hardanger's weird instruments now pour forth
Strange tunes o'er the billows resounding,
The mountains give back every gun's report,
And echoes of joy are rebounding.
The maids of the bride of sport get their lot;
The man of the feast, he has not forgot
To serve unending potations
And honor the bride's relations.

And thus they row onward with music gay,
Their way o'er the bright waters wending;
And boat after boat makes up the array,
The guests all in gladness contending.
The clefts all look blue, the mountain-tops shine,
Sweet fragrance comes down from the apple and pine;
The bells in the church-tower ringing
Rich blessings from God are bringing.

And just at this moment, so soon to depart,—
The drops on the oars are still gleaming,—
The artist has caught with his loving heart
This picture with beauty beaming.

He shows to the world the work of his hand,
That all may observe our glorious land,
And learn the wonderful stories
That add to our Norse fjords' glories.

Andreas Munch. Tr. Rasmus B. Anderson.

Kleven.

KLEVEN.

KLEVEN is a celebrated cliff in Ringerike, and presents the finest view to be found in all Norway. The present poem was written at the great union of all Scandinavian students in the year 1851.

TREAD near the brink of the mountain here,
And let my home's fair, blooming valley
With friendly greeting round us rally
The sons of countries far and near.
The lofty peaks with brows of snow,
The darksome woods and plains below,
The shining lakes, — all chime and sing
The glory of our Norway's spring.

But through this open rocky gate
Not Nature's voice alone doth reach thee;
The legends of the great past teach thee
Its tales of deeds both bold and great,
For yonder quivering birches keep
Their vigils o'er the heroes' sleep.
Once walked St. Olaf on this height,
And here he gained his kingly sight.

And still on his ancestral farm
The peasant dwells and proudly glances
Out o'er the valley's wide expanses.
Still keen, large-sighted, strong of arm,
Amid large memories grew his youth.

Thou 'lt find him yet the same, forsooth.
Go there thyself, this summer eve,
And test him, judge him, and believe.

Hark, brother, from the far-famed land
With lakes broad-breasted, pine-clad highlands,
Hark, brother, from the milder islands,
E'en here on homelike soil ye stand.
O North, thou art fore'er the same,
By rocks embraced, in ocean's frame.
When ye have felt it, come, we 'll hail
The sturdy dweller of the vale.

Jörgen Ingebrektsen Moe.
Tr. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

Lindesnaes.

LINDESNAES.

CALM autumn skies were o'er them, and the sea
Swelled in unwrinkled glass: they scarcely knew
How sped the voyage, until Lindesnaes,
At first a cloud, stood fast, and spread away
To flanking capes, with gaps of blue between;

Then rose, and showed, above the precipice,
The firs of Norway climbing thick and high
To wilder crests that made the inland gloom.
In front, the sprinkled skerries pierced the wave;
Between them, slowly glided in and out
The tawny sails, while houses low and red
Hailed their return, or sent them fearless forth.

Bayard Taylor.

Loffoden Islands.

WINTER IN NORWAY.

BUT howling Winter fled afar,
To hills that prop the polar star,
And loves on deer-borne car to ride
With barren darkness by his side,
Round the shore where loud Loffoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale;
Save when adown the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on the faded form;
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-covered shield.
O sire of storms! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,

When Frenzy with her bloodshot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity;
Archangel! power of desolation!
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart?

Thomas Campbell.

Mere.

IRON-BEARD.

OLAF the King, one summer morn,
Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,
Sending his signal through the land of Drontheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at Mere
Gathered the farmers far and near,
With their war-weapons ready to confront him.

Ploughing under the morning star,
Old Iron-Beard in Yriar
Heard the summons, chuckling with a low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from his brow,
Unharnessed his horses from the plough,
And clattering came on horseback to King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the churls;
Little he cared for king or earls;
Bitter as home-brewed ale were his foaming passions.

Hodden-gray was the garb he wore,
And by the Hammer of Thor he swore;
He hated the narrow town, and all its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his farm,
His ale at night by the fireside warm,
Gudrun his daughter, with her flaxen tresses.

He loved his horses and his herds,
The smell of the earth, and the song of birds,
His well-filled barns, his brook with its water-cresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his frame;
His beard, from which he took his name,
Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymer the Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared,
The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard,
On horseback, in an attitude defiant.

And to King Olaf he cried aloud,
Out of the middle of the crowd,
That tossed about him like a stormy ocean:

"Such sacrifices shalt thou bring
To Odin and to Thor, O King,
As other kings have done in their devotion!"

King Olaf answered: "I command
This land to be a Christian land;
Here is my Bishop who the folk baptizes!

"But if you ask me to restore
Your sacrifices, stained with gore,
Then will I offer human sacrifices!

"Not slaves and peasants shall they be,
But men of note and high degree,
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of Gryting!"

Then to their Temple strode he in,
And loud behind him heard the din
Of his men-at-arms and the peasants fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in wood,
The image of great Odin stood,
And other gods, with Thor supreme among them.

King Olaf smote them with the blade
Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,
And downward shattered to the pavement flung them.

At the same moment rose without
From the contending crowd a shout,
A mingled sound of triumph and of wailing.

And there upon the trampled plain
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,
Midway between the assailed and the assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway spoke:
"Choose ye between two things, my folk,
To be baptized or given up to slaughter!"

And seeing their leader stark and dead,
The people with a murmur said,
"O King, baptize us with thy holy water!"

So all the Drontheim land became
A Christian land in name and fame,
In the old gods no more believing and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun;
And thus in peace ended the Drontheim Hus-Ting!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Nidarholm.

THORA OF RIMOL.

"THORA of Rimol! hide me! hide me!
Danger and shame and death betide me:
For Olaf the King is hunting me down
Through field and forest, through thorp and town!"
Thus cried Jarl Hakon
To Thora, the fairest of women.

"Hakon Jarl! for the love I bear thee
Neither shall shame nor death come near thee!
But the hiding-place wherein thou must lie
Is the cave underneath the swine in the sty."
Thus to Jarl Hakon
Said Thora, the fairest of women.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall Karker
Crouched in the cave, than a dungeon darker,
As Olaf came riding, with men in mail,
Through the forest roads into Orkadale,
Demanding Jarl Hakon
Of Thora, the fairest of women.

"Rich and honored shall be whoever
The head of Hakon Jarl shall dissever!"
Hakon heard him, and Karker the slave,
Through the breathing-holes of the darksome cave.
Alone in her chamber
Wept Thora, the fairest of women.

Said Karker, the crafty, "I will not slay thee!
For all the king's gold I will never betray thee!"
"Then why dost thou turn so pale, O churl,
And then again black as the earth?" said the Earl.
More pale and more faithful
Was Thora, the fairest of women.

From a dream in the night the thrall started, saying,
"Round my neck a gold ring King Olaf was laying!"
And Hakon answered, "Beware of the king!
He will lay round thy neck a blood-red ring."
At the ring on her finger
Gazed Thora, the fairest of women.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with sorrows encumbered,
But screamed and drew up his feet as he slumbered;
The thrall in the darkness plunged with his knife,

And the Earl awakened no more in this life.
But wakeful and weeping
Sat Thora, the fairest of women.

At Nidarholm the priests are all singing,
Two ghastly heads on the gibbet are swinging;
One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his thrall's,
And the people are shouting from windows and walls;
While alone in her chamber
Swoons Thora, the fairest of women.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

North Cape.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S OROSIUS.

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery gray
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the color of oak;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide of a beach,
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

"So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me;
To the east are wild mountain-chains,
And beyond them meres and plains;
To the westward all is sea.

"So far I live to the northward,
From the harbor of Skeringes-hale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month would you sail.

"I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.

"I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,

For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas, —

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep; —
O, I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

"To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

"To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

"The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And northward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

"And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape

Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

"The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

"Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night;
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light."

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the King listened and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word.

"And now the land," said Othere,
"Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

"And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal;
Ha! 't was a noble game!
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

"There were six of us all together,
Norsemen of Helgoland;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
And dragged them to the strand!"

Here Alfred the Truth-Teller
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain
Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
"Behold this walrus-tooth!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Romsdal.

ROMSDAL.

AND here, my soul, pursue the midnight sun,
And fly to watch him from the Romsdal Horn,
Unclimbed by man; but Fancy, by one bound
Gaining the unfooted summit, steps secure
Upon the toppling crag, the slippery verge,
Whence snow in terror falls; which eagles touch
Half trembling, half in triumph; where the light
Seems flurried in its passage, and the mist
Creeps shuddering, with cold and cautious foot,
Upon the highest, sharpest pinnacle.
Stand there, my soul, and mark the scene beneath:
The half of Norway round this peak expands,
Eastward a mountain, with a thousand eyes
Of crags like needles, piercing spots of snow,
Looks, leaning over at that mighty Horn,
In unapproachable and powerless hate,
So deep the yawning gulf that sunders them,
A gulf through which no stream dares murmur peace;
Beyond, a thousand torn and dreary hills
Carry the eye across the Dovre Fjeld,
Like stepping-stones o'er some dull stream of death;
A glacier here and there, its frozen shield
Lifting up blue against the shafts of day,
While in the utmost east Snïehätten stands,
Soaring nine thousand feet in spotless snow,

Of Norway's Alps the solitary king.
Southward a valley, like one waterfall,
Comes leaping, tumbling, tossing into sight;
A hundred woods are there, a hundred streams,
Some lifting up their spray-sheets from afar,
Like banners of the Naiads in their wrath;
Some breaking into view like prisoners
Escaped from bondage in the hollow glens,
Loud laughing in their joy, while others growl,
Far down, in obscure contest with the rocks.
And, lo! two cataracts, from rival cliffs,
Springing to meet and marry in mid air:
Marry! it is the meeting of two wolves;
They foam, they tear, they wrestle in their ire,
Till spent they sink, and, cowering, roll in one
Their green and glimmering waters down the vale
Beyond. And westward the Witch Peaks are seen,
The torn and ragged children of the mist,
Which playeth there with magic lights and shades,
Heaving up hills far higher than the clouds,
And making clouds seem solid mountain-tops.
Here crags are touched with finger-tips of gold,
And there a sudden glory downward pours
On darksome depths, where dragons of the pit
Might hide forever their unearthly forms:
Enchanted, solemn, Sinaïtic scene,
Which dwells upon my mind like a wild dream!
Upon the North, see the green Romsdal stream
Has found its fiord, while the mountains near
Stand up in fixed and monumental gaze,
As pyramids precipitous and bold;

And, far beyond old Moldé, billows vast
Of alpine summits roll against the sky,
As if disordered in a mighty march;
Here some as blue as the blue skies themselves,
There others scarred by time or stained with snow;
Some sharp as sabres, others blunt as roofs,
Some laboring in mist, while others stand,
Gigantic flames, conversing with the sun.
And ere the mist has wrapped them all in gloom,
Behold yon mountain in the far northeast;
He is alone, as some old prophet who
Survives his kindred and out-towers his age:
The sun smiles on his brow, and none besides.
How beautiful his lonely lustre seems,
Like eye of happy spirit lingering,
Ere leaving for a better, unknown land;
And when it vanishes he too has fled,
His glory and himself at once are gone,
Dying as the last saint on earth might die!
So is it for an hour; but, lo! the mist
Again disperses, and a silence strange
Comes on my spirit, and proclaims that now
Midnight has fallen upon the northern hills.
Soundless the landscape, cloudless is the sun,
The mists are fled, the fiords sleep in light,
And yet it seems as if an agony
Were sweltering somewhere in the utmost north,
An "agony of glory," crisis fierce
Of burning fever, transit terrible,
Over some point of torture to the sun!
See how he droops, and with a strange vague eye

Beholds the midnight world, while toward him
All Nature looks with interest intense;
Each mountain is a face, gleaming on him;
The great Snïehätten glares, a thousand hills
Lift eyes of earnest question to the north;
The very torrents in that sleepless sun
Seem in their silence gazing eagerly:
It is as though a god were dying there,
Or maddening in some nameless, hopeless woe,
With the unrest of all his universe,
Awake around in silent sympathy;
Till, lo! the limit 's past, and the broad ray
Springs fresh and lively up the morning sky,
And all the birds their matins loud begin,
And all the mountains quit their stony stare,
And dew and beauty sparkle out again.
And see yon eagle, who with awestruck eye
Had the whole glaring night watched his great sire
From eastern eyry, starts in joy, and wheels
Around the Romsdal Horn his airy flight,
And calls on Norway to rejoice with him,
Because that hideous midnight 's fled, that noon
Unnatural, more dread than darkness, gone,
And morn is sweetly shining on the world.

George Gilfillan.

SINCLAIR'S SONG.

ACROSS the sea came the Sinclair brave,
And he steered for the Norway border;
In Gulbrand valley he found his grave,
Where his merrymen fell in disorder.

Across the sea came the Sinclair brave,
To fight for the gold of Gustavus;
God help thee, chief! from the Norway glaive
No other defender can save us.

The moon rode high in the blue night-cloud,
And the waves round the bark rippled smoothly;
When the mermaid rose from her watery shroud,
And thus sang the prophetess soothly:

"Return, return, thou Scottish wight!
Or thy light is extinguished in mourning;
If thou goest to Norway, I tell thee right,
No day shall behold thy returning."

"Now loud thou liest, thou sorceress old!
Thy prophecies ever are sore;
If once I catch thee within my hold,
Thou never shalt prophesy more."

He sailed three days, he sailed three nights,
He and his merrymen bold;
The fourth he neared old Norway's heights, —
I tell you the tale as 't is told.

On Romsdale coast has he landed his host,
And lifted the flag of ruin;
Full fourteen hundred, of mickle boast,
All eager for Norway's undoing.

They scathe, they ravage, where'er they light,
Justice or ruth unheeding;

They spare not the old for his locks so white,
Nor the widow for her pleading.

They slew the babe on his mother's arm,
As he smiled so sweet on his foemen:
But the cry of woe was the war-alarm,
And the shriek was the warrior's omen.

The Baun[1] flamed high, and the message-wood ran
Swiftly o'er field and o'er furrow;
No hiding-place sought the Gulbranders then,
As the Sinclair shall find to his sorrow.

"Ye men of Norway, arise, arise!
Fight for your king and your laws;
And woe to the craven wretch that flies,
And grudges his blood in the cause!"

And all of Lesso, and Vog, and Lon,
With axes full sharp on their shoulders,
To Bredeboyd in a swarm are gone,
To talk with the Scottish soldiers.

Close under Lid lies a pathway long,
The swift-flowing Laugen runs by it;
We call it Kring in our northern tongue;
There wait we the foemen in quiet.

No more on the wall hangs the rifle-gun,
For the gray marksman aims at the foemen;

[1] A heap of wood raised in the form of a cone on the summits of the mountains, and set on fire to give notice of invasion.

Old Nokken mounts from the waters dun,
And waits for the prey that is coming.

The first shot hit the brave Sinclair right,
He fell with a groan full grievous;
The Scots beheld the good colonel's plight,
Then said they, "Saint Andrew receive us!"

"Ye Norway men, let your hearts be keen!
No mercy to those who deny it."
The Scots then wished themselves home, I ween;
They liked not this Norway diet.

We strewed with bodies the long pathway,
The ravens they feasted full deep;
The youthful blood that was spilt that day
The maidens of Scotland may weep.

No Scottish flower was left on the stem,
No Scotsman returned to tell
How perilous 't is to visit them
Who in mountains of Norway dwell.

And still on the spot stands a statue high,
For the foemen of Norway's discerning;
And woe to him who that statue can spy,
And feels not his spirit burning!

Edward Storm. Tr. William Sidney Walker.

Salten-Fjord.

BISHOP SIGURD AT SALTEN-FIORD.

LOUD the angry wind was wailing
As King Olaf's ships came sailing
Northward out of Drontheim haven
To the mouth of Salten Fiord.
Though the flying sea-spray drenches
Fore and aft the rowers' benches,
Not a single heart is craven
Of the champions there on board.

All without the Fiord was quiet,
But within it storm and riot,
Such as on his Viking cruises
Raud the Strong was wont to ride;
And the sea through all its tide-ways
Swept the reeling vessels sideways,
As the leaves are swept through sluices,
When the flood-gates open wide.

"'T is the warlock! 't is the demon
Raud!" cried Sigurd to the seamen;
"But the Lord is not affrighted
By the witchcraft of his foes."
To the ship's bow he ascended,
By his choristers attended,
Round him were the tapers lighted,
And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,
In his robes, as one transfigured,
And the Crucifix he planted
High amid the rain and mist.
Then with holy water sprinkled
All the ship; the mass-bells tinkled;
Loud the monks around him chanted,
Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted,
On each side the water parted;
Down a path like silver molten
Steadily rowed King Olaf's ships;
Steadily burned all night the tapers,
And the White Christ through the vapors
Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten,
As through John's Apocalypse, —

Till at last they reached Raud's dwelling
On the little isle of Gelling;
Not a guard was at the doorway,
Not a glimmer of light was seen.
But at anchor, carved and gilded,
Lay the dragon-ship he builded;
'T was the grandest ship in Norway,
With its crest and scales of green.

Up the stairway, softly creeping,
To the loft where Raud was sleeping,
With their fists they burst asunder
Bolt and bar that held the door.

Drunken with sleep and ale they found him,
Dragged him from his bed and bound him,
While he stared with stupid wonder,
At the look and garb they wore.

Then King Olaf said: "O Sea-King!
Little time have we for speaking,
Choose between the good and evil;
Be baptized, or thou shalt die!"
But in scorn the heathen scoffer
Answered: "I disdain thine offer;
Neither fear I God nor Devil;
Thee and thy Gospel I defy!"

Then between his jaws distended,
When his frantic struggles ended,
Through King Olaf's horn an adder,
Touched by fire, they forced to glide.
Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,
As he gnawed through bone and marrow;
But without a groan or shudder,
Raud the Strong blaspheming died.

Then baptized they all that region,
Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,
Far as swims the salmon, leaping,
Up the streams of Salten Fiord.
In their temples Thor and Odin
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,
Preached the Gospel with his sword.

Then he took the carved and gilded
Dragon-ship that Raud had builded,
And the tiller single-handed,
Grasping, steered into the main.
Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er him,
Southward sailed the ship that bore him,
Till at Drontheim haven landed
Olaf and his crew again.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Tellemark.

TELLEMARK.

ACROSS the lonely hills of Tellemark,
That smiled in sunshine, went their earnest way,
And by the sparkling waters of the Tind;
Then, leaving on the left that chasm of dread
Where, under Gousta's base, the Rinkan falls
In winnowing blossoms, tendrilled vines of foam,
And bursting rockets of the starry spray,
They rode through forests into Hemsedal.

Bayard Taylor.

Torrisdell.

THE BRIDE OF TORRISDELL.

LONG ago while yet the Saga's dream-red haze
Lay o'er Norway's dales and fjords unbroken;
Ere with Olaf's cross men saw her steeples blaze,
Ere their mighty iron tongues had spoken;

Then the Neck, the Hulder, elves, and fairies gay
Wooed the summer moon with airy dance and play.
But alas! they fled,
As with flaming head
O'er the valley shone St. Olaf's token.

Thorstein Aasen was forsooth the boldest swain
Ever church-road trod on Sabbath morning;
As a boy he fought the savage bear full fain,
Spite of mother's tears and father's warning;
Never yet was rafter for his heel too high,
Haughtiest mien he fronted with unquailing eye;
And the rumor's tide
Bore his glory wide,
Still with virtues new his name adorning.

Like a lingering echo from the olden time,
Wondrous legends still the twilight haunted,
And o'er Brage's goblet still heroic rhymes
In the merry Yule-tide oft were chanted,
How of Thorstein's race had one at Necken's will
Stayed the whirl and roar of many a noisy mill;
How in wild delight
At the fall of night
He would seek the river's gloom undaunted.

Late one autumn night, as wild November storms
Whirled the withered leaves in frantic dances,
And half-moonlit clouds of huge fantastic forms
Swift to horror-dreams from rapturous trances
Plunged the restless earth, anon in sudden fear

E'en the raging storm-wind held its breath to hear:
From the river's lair
Rose a tremulous air, —
Rose and fell in sweetly flowing stanzas.

But as morn came forth with frosty splendor keen
Where the birch-trees o'er the waters quiver,
Found the grooms their lord with bow and violin,
Ghastly staring down the brawling river.
To his instrument was closely pressed his ear,
As if there some charméd melody to hear;
In his sunken sight
Shone a weird delight;
But life's mystery had flown forever!

From that time the secret sorcery of the tone,
Passed from sire to son by sure transmission,
Had full oft a witching web of music thrown
O'er the lonely forests of tradition;
And full oft the son with pride and secret dole
Heard those strange vibrations in his inmost soul,
Like the muffled knell
Of a distant bell
Fraught with dark and bodeful admonition.

Where the river hurls its foam-crests to the fjord,
There lies Torrisdell in sunshine gleaming;
Oft its valiant lord 'gainst Aasen drew his sword,
And the red cock crew while blood was streaming.
But his daughter Birgit, — by the holy rood
Ne'er a fairer maid on church or dance-croft stood! —
Like the glacier's gaze

In the sun's embrace
Shone her eye with tender brightness beaming.

And when Thorstein Aasen saw that lily maid
On her palfrey white on church-road riding,
Aye his heart beat loud, and fierce defiance bade
To ancestral feuds their hearts dividing,
And young Birgit, the fair maid of Torrisdell,
Little cared or strove that rising flame to quell;
For, ere spring new-born
Did the fields adorn,
Him she pledged her word and faith abiding.

Loud then swore her angry sire with mead aglow,
(Deadly hate was in his visage painted,)
Rather would he see his daughter's red blood flow,
Than with shame his ancient scutcheon tainted.
In her lonesome bower then fair Birgit lay,
Wept and prayed by night and prayed and wept by day;
O'er her features pale
Crept a death-like veil;
With her waning hopes her heart had fainted.

But when winter came and merry Christmas-tide,
Birgit's sire her wedding torches lighted;
Out his varlets rode through seven valleys wide,
Far and near to bridal-feast invited.
For that lily sweet with summer's fervor blest
Must its blossom waste on winter's snowy breast, —
To a hoary swain,
Kalf of Nordarstein,
Torrisdell's fair maid her troth had plighted.

Sooth a goodly feast he gave, the doughty lord;
Through the halls shone ninety torches blazing.
Forward bent in flight, stood on the bending board—
As upon their trail the hounds were chasing—
Stag and hind; and through the wide-flung doors
Poured the noisy throng like breakers on the shores.
But in silent gloom
With her hoary groom,
Sat the bride on all that splendor gazing.

Seven days they feasted all that lusty throng
In the midnight flush of bright December:
On the seventh eve the bride with play and song
Burst in glory forth from out her chamber.
For the last time now she stood there silver-crowned;
Strove to feign good cheer, while tears her accents drowned;
Then an awful cry
Shook the rafters high,
"Birgit Torrisdell," it said, "remember!"

Open flew the doors: there fell a silence dread;
In sprang Thorstein bounding to the rafter,
Round he swung a flaming torch above his head
Till a trail of blood-red sparks flew after.
"Birgit!" cried he,—"Birgit!" but about the bride
Clung the affrighted women close on every side.
"Come, my beauteous elf,
Hast thou hid thyself?"
And he whirled the torch with frantic laughter.

Hark! — then trembling chords as on the night-wind
blown
Came with fitful throbs and weird vibration;
Quickly stayed he, shuddered, and his wild eye shone
With a restless, strange illumination;
And as eager falcon darts upon his prey,
Seized a violin and straight began to play.
Up then springs in haste
Every drowsy guest,
Smitten with the tone's intoxication.

As the fifth stroke fell, then quaked the lofty roof,
Quaked the tottering walls too that upbore it,
Wild and wilder danced the rout, and hurled aloof
Torches, tables, benches, all before it.
Ninth, — and lo, as if the horror-laden deep
Burst its gnawing chains of long-enforcéd sleep,
Hid in midnight's shroud
Shrieked the doom-fraught cloud,
As the wrathful storm-wind beat and tore it.

Fierce with stifled hissing came the tenth accord,
While the tempest blew its strain sonorous;
Down the hungry heavens swooped upon the fjord,
And our world was gloom beneath and o'er us.
Off was hurled the roof; by maddening frenzy caught,
Wild with glaring eyes the guests together fought,
And like angry hosts
Of appalling ghosts
Joined the tempest's terror-haunted chorus.

Densely and more densely rolled the waves of gloom,
Everywhere above them and around them:
Onward rushed the player and the guests of doom,
Making midnight blacker where it found them.
On and ever onward, over land and sea,
In the darksome clouds the hapless dancers flee,
Till the last sound died
In the sullen tide,
And the tempest's roar in distance drowned them.

Centuries have faded, and the kindly earth
Hides the mouldering beams of Birgit's bower;
But the dooméd dancers still with frantic mirth
Breast the tempest and the midnight's power.
And full oft the peasant from his hearthstone warm
Hears those fitful notes, that bode the coming storm,
And his mirth will die
In a pitying sigh
At the fate of Torrisdell's fair flower.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

Ulvik.

ULVIK.

ON curtained eyes, and bosoms warm with rest,
On slackened fingers and unburdened feet,
On limbs securer slumber held from toil,
While nimble spirits of the busy blood

Renewed their suppleness, yet filled the trance
With something happy which was less than dream,
The sun of Sabbath rose. Two hours, afar,
Behind the wintry peaks of Justedal,
Unmarked, he climbed; then, pausing on the crest
Of Fille Fell, he gathered up his beams
Dissolved in warmer blue, and showered them down
Between the mountains, through the falling vale,
On Ulvik's cottages and orchard trees.
And one by one the chimneys breathed; the sail
That loitered lone along the misty fiord
Flashed like a star, and filled with fresher wind;
The pasturing steers, dispersed on grassy slopes,
Raised heads of wonder over hedge and wall
To call, unanswered, the belated cows;
And ears that would not hear, or heard in dreams,
The lark's alarum over idle fields,
And lids, still sweetly shut, that else unclosed
At touch of daybreak, yielded to the day.

* * * * *

They set themselves to climb the stubborn fell
By stony stairs that left the fields below,
And ceased, far up, against the nearer blue.
But lightly sprang the maids; and where the slides
Of ice ground smooth the slanting planes of rock,
Strong arms drew up and firm feet steadied theirs.
Here lent the juniper a prickly hand,
And there they grasped the heather's frowsy hair,
While jest and banter made the giddy verge
Secure as orchard-turf; and none but showed
The falcon's eye that guides the hunter's foot,

Till o'er their flushed and breathless faces struck
The colder ether; on the crest they stood,
And sheltered vale and ever-winding fiord
Sank into gulfs of shadow, while afar
To eastward many a gleaming tooth of snow
Cut the full round of sky.
"Why, look you, now!"
Cried one; "the fiord is bare as threshing-floor
When winter 's over: what 's become of Per?"
"And what of Lars?" asked Ragnil, with a glance
At Brita's careless face; "can he have climbed
The Evil Pass, and crossed the thundering foss,
His nearest way?" As clear as blast of horn
There came a cry, and on the comb beyond
They saw the sparkle of a scarlet vest.
Then, like the echo of a blast of horn,
A moment later, fainter and subdued,
A second cry; and far to left appeared
A form that climbed and leaped, and nearer strove.
And Harald, Anders Ericssen, and Nils
Set their three voices to accordant pitch
And shouted one wild call athwart the blue,
Until it seemed to quiver: as they ceased
The maids began, and, moving onward, gave
Strong music: all the barren summits rang.

Bayard Taylor.

INTRODUCTORY TO SWEDEN.

SCANDINAVIA.

THENCE the loud Baltic passing, black with storm,
To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound;
There I the manly race, the parent hive
Of the mixed kingdoms, formed into a state
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purged, and tempered hard by frost,
Tempest and toil their nerves, the sons of those
Whose only terror was a bloodless death,
They wise and dauntless still sustain my cause.

James Thomson.

SWEDISH CHARLES.

ON what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;

Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, not want and cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory! hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

Samuel Johnson.

THE VETERAN.

I LOVE the old heroic times
Of Charles the Twelfth, our country's glory,
And deem them fittest for the scenes
Of stern or tender story;

For he was blithe as Peace may be,
Yet boisterous as Victory.
Even now, on high, there glide,
Up and down, at eventide,
Mighty men, like those of old,
With frocks of blue and belts of gold.
O, reverently I gaze upon
Those soldier spirits clad in light,
And hold as things most wonderful
Their coats of buff and swords of giant height.

Esaias Tegnér. Tr. Anonymous.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE voice of song from distant lands shall call
To that great king; shall hail the crownéd youth
Who, taking counsel of unbending Truth,
By one example hath set forth to all
How they with dignity may stand, — or fall,
If fall they must. Now, whither doth it tend?
And what to him and his shall be the end?
That thought is one which neither can appall
Nor cheer him; for the illustrious Swede hath done
The thing which ought to be; he stands above
All consequences: work he hath begun
Of fortitude and piety and love,
Which all his glorious ancestors approve:
The heroes bless him, — him their rightful son.

William Wordsworth.

GOTHLAND.

SPITE of the wind's tempestuous roar,
We cross the Sound to Schonen's shore.
Our host there cooked a strange repast,
Delicious to a Gothland taste:
He kindly urged us first to eat,
Sprinkled with saffron, salted meat:
Then on the board at once appear
Raw mutton-steaks, dried currants, beer,
Sweet-scented herbs, rice pounded, wine,
Cloves, and quick pepper, sifted fine:
The table, last, full many a pound
Of ginger, butter, sugar crowned;
With mustard, honey, fennel, oil,
And coriander. — All the toil
And skill of Hecaté could ne'er
In Stygian shades such cates prepare;
Nor worse the drugs, if fame be true,
Which unrelenting step-dames brew.
Each dish untouched, we haste away,
Resolved to travel night and day.

To Helmstadt first our car proceeds,
Where, tired, we bait our dusty steeds.
Hence, ordered to his native land
(For such the queen's severe command),
Vossius with many a tear departs,
But leaves his image in our hearts.

Through fir-tree forests, large and brown,
We pass, to Gothlanders well known:

Our thirst with proffered mead we slaked;
They then brought biscuits, which, well baked,
With salt and cumin they prepare,
And harden in the smoke and air:
Your knife can no impression make;
Then, in its stead, a hammer take.
Smaland's steep rocks we clamber o'er,
And trace Lake Vetter's winding shore.
Here, at our servant, as we passed,
Unnumbered jokes and jeers were cast;
While, on the coach's summit placed,
His empty head with nightcap graced,
He in Marot's melodious lay
King David's psalms would sing or say;
For, though composed by Claude, each note
Was jargon in his raven throat.
Now wild East Gothland's bounds we gain,
Where beast-skins clothe each livid swain;
Frost-bit their faces, coarse their fare,
Caps of warm frieze the women wear;
Well jolted with the rugged way,
Each night in cottages we lay,
Which upright trunks of trees compose;
Grass on the turfy covering grows,
Where sheep, as on a level mead,
Undaunted, unmolested, feed:
The roof has peep-holes; so, 't is said,
Thy temple, Terminus, was made.
Within are fifty beds, where rest,
On straw, wife, husband, slave, and guest.

* * * * *

Wide-branching pines, as hence we past,
A welcome shade around us cast.
The night o'ertook us at a town,
Named Lidcoping, to fame well known,
Where first their breath the Magni drew,
Johannes and Olaus too.

At Norkoping, where copper-plates
Are forged, the steeds our driver baits.
Large coins are here impressed, and threads
Formed of vast length from copper shreds.
To distant lands these precious wares
In loaded ships the merchant bears.

At Nykoping, our next day's stage,
Queen Leonora, worn with age,
In vain complaints her sorrow vents,
And still Gustavus' death laments.

Once famed, by subterraneous fires
Now wasted, Telga next aspires.
Each stable here reindeer contains,
The denizens of northern plains;
Two curling horns their lofty brow
Defend; like stags their bodies show:
O'er ice and snow, the lake, and mead,
They whirl the sledge with Eurus' speed.

Bishop Huet. Tr. J. Duncombe.

SWEDEN.

Dalecarlia.

SCENE IN A DALECARLIAN MINE.

"HASTE, with your torches, haste! make firelight round!"
They speed, they press, — what hath the miner found!
Relic or treasure, giant sword of old?
Gems bedded deep, rich veins of burning gold?
Not so, — the dead, the dead! An awe-struck band,
In silence gathering round the silent stand,
Chained by one feeling, hushing e'en their breath,
Before the thing that, in the might of death,
Fearful, yet beautiful, amidst them lay, —
A sleeper, dreaming not! — a youth with hair
Making a sunny gleam (how sadly fair!)
O'er his cold brow; no shadow of decay
Had touched those pale bright features, yet he wore
A mien of other days, a garb of yore.
Who could unfold that mystery? From the throng

A woman wildly broke; her eye was dim,
As if through many tears, through vigils long,
Through weary strainings; — all had been for him!
Those two had loved! And there he lay, the dead,
In his youth's flower, and she, the living, stood
With her gray hair, whence hue and gloss had fled,
And wasted form, and cheek, whose flushing blood
Had long since ebbed, — a meeting sad and strange!
O, are not meetings in this world of change
Sadder than partings oft! She stood there, still
And mute and gazing, all her soul to fill
With the loved face once more, — the young, fair face,
Midst that rude cavern touched with sculpture's grace,
By torchlight and by death; until at last
From her deep heart the spirit of the past
Gushed in low broken tones: "And there thou art!
And thus we meet, that loved, and did but part
As for a few brief hours! — My friend, my friend!
First love, and only one! is this the end
Of hope deferred, youth blighted! Yet thy brow
Still wears its own proud beauty, and thy cheek
Smiles, — how unchanged! — while I, the worn and weak
And faded, — O, thou wouldst but scorn me now,
If thou couldst look on me! — a withered leaf,
Seared, though for thy sake, by the blast of grief!
Better to see thee thus! For thou didst go,
Bearing my image on thy heart, I know,
Unto the dead. My Ulric! through the night
How have I called thee! With the morning light
How have I watched for thee! — wept, wandered, prayed,

Met the fierce mountain-tempest, undismayed,
In search of thee! Bound my worn life to one,
One torturing hope! Now let me die! 'T is gone.
Take thy betrothed!" And on his breast she fell,—
O, since their youth's last passionate farewell,
How changed in all but love!—the true, the strong,
Joining in death whom life had parted long!
They had one grave,—one lonely bridal-bed,—
No friend, no kinsman, there a tear to shed!
His name had ceased; her heart outlived each tie,
Once more to look on that dead face—and die!

Felicia Hemans.

Drottningholm.

AUTUMN FAREWELL TO DROTTNINGHOLM.

THE glorious summer sun already leaneth
Towards distant lands, and that resplendent glow
Which, late at eve, flamed upward to the zenith,
No longer now the Norland fields shall know.
And wood and mead, which, in their vernal gladness,
Laughed out to man beneath the azure sky,
Stand wan and sere, and clouds weep tears of sadness,
And even the little birds sit silent by.

Yet still how gratefully my memory treasures
The lovely peace of each sweet summer day,
When heaven itself brought down to earth its pleasures,
And winds their warfare changed to merry play;

When flowers sent up their offering of sweetness,
As incense to the God of day and night,
And lifted to the sun their fair completeness
Obedient to the holy law of light.

But all, alas! on earth is transitory,
And laughter changes soon to sorrow's tear;
As the green herb, anon, foregoes its glory,
So man advances onward to his bier.
Yet if the faithful heart have kept in clearness
The sunny moments of the passing day,
Still shall they cast amidst autumnal drearness
Of the lost summer a surviving ray.

Thus muse I, as my fond farewell is spoken,
Thou loveliest pearl beside the Mälar coast.
Nor shall sweet memory's bond 'twixt us be broken,
Where'er my bark on life's rough sea be tossed!
To thee my heart will yearn when sorrow shroudeth
My world of thought and all is dark as night;
And if thick mist the future overcloudeth,
I will ascend unto the past delight.

Farewell, ye hills and valleys, groves and meadows,
Where Flora scattered all her pomp abroad,
And elves amidst the full moon's lights and shadows
Traced magic rings in dances on the sward;
Thou shore, reed-garlanded, where softly stringing
His harp at eve the Necken charms the scene;
Thou wood, made musical with wild birds' singing,
And waters lapsing through the leafy screen.

Farewell, thou starry eve, so oft reflected
In the still waters, where my light bark drove
The downward depth which still my gaze rejected,
Turning instead unto the heaven above;
Have thanks for all the quiet joy supernal,
Which in my heart's recess by thee was laid,
The whilst thy azure vault of truth eternal
Expanded as a blessing, o'er my head!

Farewell, thou lovely scene! The heart's deep feeling
Gives forth these accents of my parting song!
Yet thou in memory wilt be sorrow's healing,
And speed the mournful winter night along;
I'll think of thee when autumn fogs are glooming,
O Drottningholm! for still thy sun will shine:
Thou art to me in every season blooming,
And peaceful lilies round thy name entwine!

King Charles XV. Tr. Mary Howitt.

Lapmark.

LOVE-SONG OF A LAPLANDER.

COME, Zama, come, nor longer scorn thy lover,
Queen of the fair;
O, come, or soon the snows of age shall cover
My wasting hair.

Vain is thy flight, for Love hath wings more fleeting
Than fleetest steed;

Nor driving snow nor hail-storm, fiercely beating,
Shall stay my speed.

I 'll stem the stream where wintry waves roll deepest,
To come to thee;
I 'll climb the crag where mountain walls rise steepest,
Thy form to see.

No gloomy glen within its depths shall hide thee,
Nor tangled shade;
Through brier and bog I 'll follow close beside thee,
Coy Lapland maid.

And shouldst thou still, shy maiden, fly before me
Far o'er the sea,
I 'll stand by Greenland's breakers, hoarse and hoary,
And cry to thee.

The long, long night is near; my heart is yearning,
Sweet love, for thine.
My light, I see thee even now returning; —
What joy is mine!

Ewald Christian von Kleist. Tr. Charles T. Brooks.

THE LAPLANDERS.

THEY ask no more than simple Nature gives;
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
And through the restless, ever-tortured maze

Of pleasure or ambition bid it rage.
Their reindeer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply; their wholesome fare and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heaped into one expanse
Of marbled snow, or, far as eye can sweep
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glazed.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With double lustre from the radiant waste,
E'en in the depth of polar night, they find
A wondrous day; enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Vinland fairs.
Wished spring returns; and from the hazy south,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees extends the swelling curve!
Till seen, at last, for gay, rejoicing months,
Still round and round his spiral course he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
In that glad season from the lakes and floods,
Where pure Niemi's fairy mountains rise,
And fringed with roses, Tenglio rolls his stream,
They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
They cheerful loaded to their tents repair;
Where all day long in useful cares employed,
Their kind, unblemished wives the fire prepare.

Thrice happy race! by poverty secured
From legal plunder and rapacious power:
In whom fell interest never yet has sown
The seeds of vice; whose spotless swains ne'er know
Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

James Thomson.

KULNASATZ, MY REINDEER.

KULNASATZ, my reindeer,
We have a long journey to go;
The moors are vast,
And we must haste.
Our strength, I fear,
Will fail, if we are slow;
And so
Our songs will do.

Kaigé, the watery moor,
Is pleasant unto me,
Though long it be,
Since it doth to my mistress lead,
Whom I adore;
The Kilwa moor
I ne'er again will tread.

Thoughts filled my mind,
Whilst I through Kaigé passed,
Swift as the wind,
And my desire

Winged with impatient fire;
My reindeer, let us haste!

So shall we quickly end our pleasing pain,—
Behold my mistress there,
With decent motion walking o'er the plain.
Kulnasatz, my reindeer,
Look yonder, where
She washes in the lake!
See, while she swims,
The water from her purer limbs
New clearness take!

Anonymous.

Upsala.

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.

This dial was, I believe, formed by Linnæus, and marked the hours by the opening and closing, at regular intervals, of the flowers arranged in it.

'T WAS a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose colored vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told —
Those days of song and dreams —
When shepherds gathered their flocks of old
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,
Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Marked thus — even thus — on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

O, let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

Felicia Hemans.

KING ERICH'S FAITH.

IN the high church of Upsala the great altar stands in sight,
With candles blazing round it, and torches sparkling bright;

On the steps of that great altar, with devoutly lifted hand,
See, arrayed in shining vestments, Erich, King of Sweden, stand!

"Great God! who seeks thy shelter forever safe shall dwell!
Who makes the Lord his ally hath wisely done and well!"
He cries, the rest responding, till choir and dome resound, —
"When God the Lord is with us, where shall a foe be found?"

And while they thus stand praying, right, left, the choir are thrust,
And in a courier rushes, all breathless, grimed with dust:
"God's mercy now! Skalater! He comes! O King! the Danes,
Seven hundred strong, already are pouring on the plains!"

The monarch hears him calmly the tale of terror tell:
"Who makes the Lord his ally," he cries, "hath chosen well!"
In bursts a second courier, all panting with dismay:
"The Dane is at the gate now, and the last bolt gives way!"

But still the king keeps chanting with brave and lofty swell:
"Who makes the Lord his ally hath wisely done and well!"

Still a third courier enters, — but, ere his news he told,
His head a Danish sabre swift from his body rolled.

Then rang a wild alarum, — a dismal, deafening cry;
Skalater comes with frenzy demoniac in his eye;
Skalater comes, and with him his seven hundred men;
With altar, king, and country it seemed all over then.

But, all at once, Sir Erich raised the gold cross in air,
And stretched it toward the heavens, and waved it glittering there;
And of the seven gashes of Jesus every wound
Hundred-fold glory flashes, the foeman to confound.

Seven hundred men fall prostrate with lowly bended brow,
Mute in the dust, adoring the mighty Conqueror now;
And Erich and his people the song of triumph swell:
"Who makes the Lord his refuge shall aye securely dwell!"

Johann Gabriel Seidl. Tr. Charles T. Brooks.

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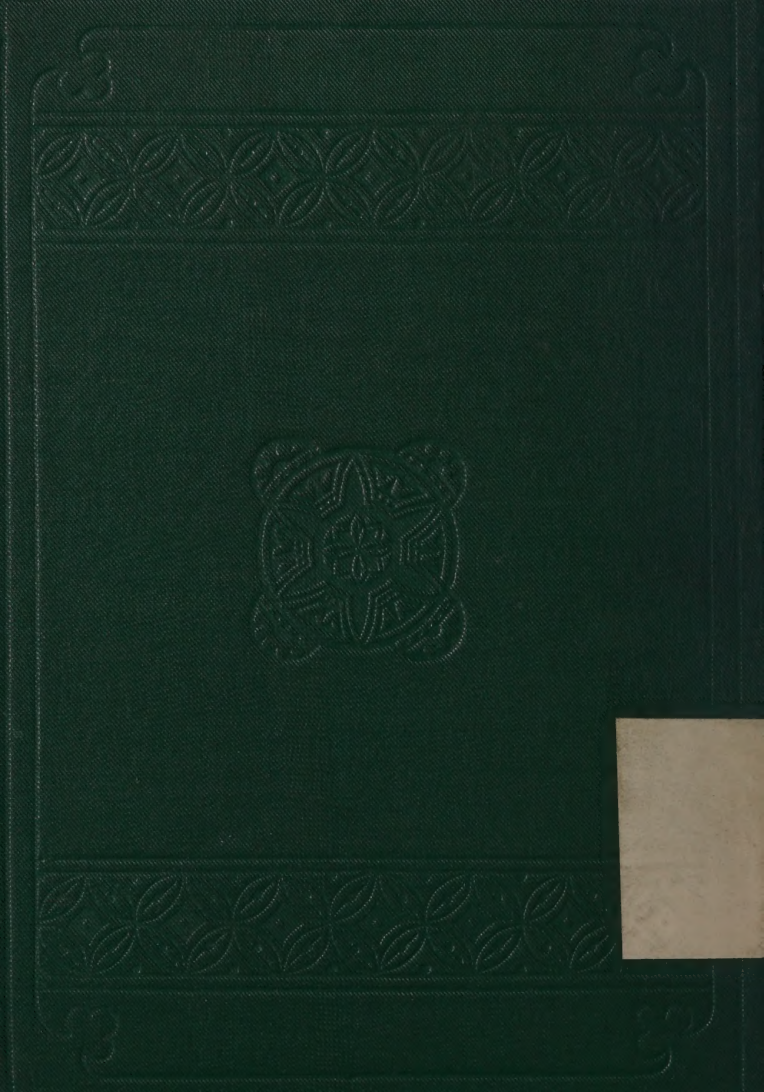
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